

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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GERTY'S NECKLACE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

As Gerty skipt from babe to girl,
Her necklace lengthened, pearl by pearl;
Year after year it slowly grew,
But every birthday gave her two.
Her neck is lovely — soft and fair,
And now her necklace glimmers there.

So cradled, let it sink and rise,
And all her graces symbolize:
Perchance this pearl, without a speck,
Once was as warm on Sappho's neck;
And where are all the happy pearls
That braided Cleopatra's curls?

Is Gerty loved? — Is Gerty loth?
Or, if she's either, is she both? —
She's fancy free, but sweeter far
Than many plighted maidens are:
Will Gerty smile us all away,
And still be Gerty? Who can say?

But let her wear her precious toy,
And I'll rejoice to see her joy:
Her bauble's only one degree
Less frail, less fugitive than we;
For time, ere long will snap the skein,
And scatter all the pearls again.

IN THE WOOD.

If it be true I cannot tell
That spirits in the forest dwell,
But, walking in the wood to-day,
A vision fell across my way;
Not such as once, beneath the green
O'erhanging boughs, I should have seen;
But in the tranquil noon-tide hour,
And in the crimson Campion flower,
And in the grass I felt a power;
And every leaf of herb and tree
Seemed like a voice that greeted me,
Saying, "Not to ourselves alone
We live and die making no moan.
The sunshine and the summer showers,
And the soft dew of night are ours;
We ask no more than what is given;
Our praise and prayer is leaf and bloom,
And day and night our sweet perfume
Like incense rises up to heaven;
Thus our sweet lives we live alone,
We come and go and make no moan."
And so out of the wood I went,
Thinking, I too will be content
With day and night, with good and ill,
Submissive to the heavenly will.
The power which gives to plant and tree
Its bound and limit, gave to me
Just so much love and so much life;
And whatsoever peace, or strife,

Or sin, or sorrow, may be mine,
Is bounded by a law divine.
I cannot do the things I would,
I cannot take the boundless good
Which love might bring or heart desire,
And though to heaven my thoughts aspire,
'Tis only given me to behold,
Far off, its spheres of living gold.
The little orb on which I ride
Around the sun in circuit wide,
Is all an unknown land to me
And waters of an unknown sea.
The narrow bourne wherein I move,
This little home of hate and love,
Within whose set diurnal round
By strongest fate my feet are bound,
Has light upon it from afar,
As when a dungeon's iron bar
Crosses the splendor of a star!
This world of memory and care,
This cave of thought, this cell of prayer,
This House of Life in which I dwell,
Is vast as heaven and deep as hell,
And what it is I cannot tell.
Of this alone my mind is sure, —
That in my place I must endure
To work and wait, and, like the flower
That takes the sunshine and the shower,
To bide in peace the passing hour;
To know the world is sweet and fair,
Though life be rooted fast in care;
To watch the far-off light of heaven,
Yet ask no more than what is given,
Content to take what nature brings
Of all inexplicable things,
Content to know what I have known,
And live and die and make no moan.

Spectator.

THIRTY-ONE.

TO A LADY WHO TOLD HER AGE.

WELL, if it's true, this "thirty-one,"
It proves that years are like their sun;
That birthdays may as widely vary
As months in latitudes contrary.
Grain ripens at the Antipodes
When waters here a foot thick freeze;
And in New Zealand, as we know,
June loads the Southern Alps with snow.
And thus at "thirty-one," perhaps,
Some spinsters wisely take to caps;
At "thirty-one," just touched by frost,
The bloom of beauty's often lost.
With you that birthday breathes of Spring,
And Time has done a gentle thing.
At "thirty-one," spoiled child of fate!
He brings your summer to you late.
Just when with some Life's sun grows cold,
And wears towards October chill,
On your fair head its costliest gold
Sustains the year at April still.

Macmillan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATION.

PERHAPS there is no intellectual gift that conveys a greater sense of power than that of ready and felicitous illustration, or one that wins its possessor a more undisputed pre-eminence. It is one of those points on which it may be said that all people know themselves, and are forced to acknowledge a superior. A man may talk nonsense and not know it, or write commonplace in full persuasion that he is original, or uphold his fallacies against the conclusions of the ablest logician; but he cannot help knowing when he is no hand at an illustration. There is no room for self-delusion or rivalry. Not only does it not come readily, but he beats his brain for it in vain. It would be a curious inquiry how many men live and die, respected and useful members of society too, without once hitting off a happy simile. We are convinced they would immeasurably outnumber that formidable array of figures telling the difference between the sexes, which causes so much anxiety in the present day. Of course it is competent to people to say that they do not care for illustration—that it proves nothing—that it is a mere "toy of thought," interfering with and often perplexing the business of reason and action; but whether we like ourselves as well without this faculty or not, it is impossible not to enjoy its exercise in another. We may treat it as a superfluity; it may lack the solid satisfaction of reason and demonstration, and be only like the nard pistie Jeremy Taylor talks of, the perfume of which "is very delightful when the box is newly broken, but the want of it is no trouble—we are well enough without it;" but the sudden fresh fragrance is not the less delicious while it lasts, and invigorating to the spirits.

We use the word illustration as embracing the widest field, and including the whole figurative machinery of fancy and imagination—metaphor, simile, imagery, figure, comparison, impersonation—in fact, every method of elucidation through their agency. Of course invention may be actively and delightfully employed without any use of this charming gift, and there-

fore, we should say, without the possession of it; for an apt illustration, an exquisite simile, will out if it flashes into the brain. There is a certain concentration in the matter in hand—the scene, the situation—which stands the writer instead of any other gift, and dispenses with all ornament. This, we should say, is the case with Mr. Trollope, whose metaphor, when he uses it, is from the open, acknowledged, familiar stock of all mankind; and remarkably with Miss Austen, in whose whole range of writings no original figure occurs to us, unless it be Henry Tilney's ingenious parallel between partners in matrimony and partners in a country-dance. Her experience probably presented her with no example of ready illustration, and she painted men and women as she found them, making a failure when she tried; like Lydia Bennet, who flourished her hand with its wedding-ring, and "smiled like anything;" or, adding triteness to common dulness, as in Mr. Collins, whose letter found favour with Mary; "the idea of the olive-branch is not wholly new, but I think it is well expressed." When we say that most men are without the gift in question, it is obvious that we mean of original illustration. Only a poet could first invest Time with wings; but we talk of the flight of time now without pretending to any share of his gift. There are certain figures incorporated in the language which we cannot speak without using. We are all poetical by proxy. Such common property is the imagery connected with sunrise and the dawn; sunset and twilight; sun, moon, stars, and comets; lightning and storm; seas, rivers, frost, and dew; the road, the path, the ladder; the rose, the lily, and the violet; the dying lamp and its extinguisher; angels, the grave; the lion, the tiger, the wolf, and the lamb; the eagle, the dove, and the parrot; the goose and the monkey. But indeed the list of incorporated metaphor is endless, and it has required a real poet these several hundred years past to hit off anything new out of the subjects of it. But they are all capable in his hands of a sudden illumination, of figuring in new characters, of imparting the surprise which is the

very essence of the illustration proper. And once a surprise is always a surprise — that is, the flash in the poet's mind plays and coruscates round it always. We may weary of the hackneyed use of it; in dull hands it may sound stale; but no taint destroys the first freshness when we come upon it in its right place. There it still delights us to read how

"The weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane
Be shook to air."

The grandeur of the comparison when Pandemonium rose like an exhalation, never sinks to common-place. The suggestions of what is noble, beautiful, and familiar in nature, are really endless, however the soil may seem exhausted to prosaic minds, which are yet quite capable of being freshened into awakened interest by a new epithet or an original collision of ideas, revealing some undiscovered sympathy with human feeling. Every poet adds something to the common stock of imagery, and so enlarges our perceptions. Shakespeare, on saluting a beautiful woman as Day of the World, quickens our sense of beauty alike in nature and in man. It needed imagination first to affix the idea of sovereignty to the morning, but it was at once adopted by the general mind —

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye."

Wordsworth first endued it with "innocence," in which we own an equal fitness —

"The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet."

Often as the dawn comes round, we do not know that anybody has called it confident before Mr. Browning in his "Lost Leader" : —

"Life's night begins : let him never come back
to us,
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain;
Forced praise on our part, the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again."

Or associated dew with the memory as Mr. Tennyson does —

"O strengthen me, enlighten me,
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

We have always liked, for its homely freshness, Christopher North's simile of the dispelling powers of the sun upon the Scotch mist, in which, as a child, he had lost himself, — "Like the sudden opening of shutters in a room, the whole world was filled with light." And for its energy, the Laureate's stormy sunset —

"And wildly dash'd on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

These images and epithets are all obvious enough as we read them, but in their place, we recognize them as the poet's own coinage. There is no borrowed air about them. Byron tinges opening and closing day with his own spleen and discontent, and makes them sentimental, when he throws upon their shoulders the task of making life just bearable. After a lovely description of sunset, with its transient glories, his own temper speaks in the person of Myrrha in "Sardanapalus," —

"And yet

It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark
not

Know not the realms where those twin genii
. . . build the palaces,
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly; but in that brief cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance."

The fitness of a metaphor to its place may give novelty to the most familiar analogies —

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

When the Ancient Mariner tells his unwilling hearer, "I pass like night from land to land," he imparts to matter-of-fact minds a newly-conceived mystery of motion to the most familiar of nature's phenomena. Nothing is more common than to liken girlish beauty to the rose; but, nevertheless, George Eliot's picture of Hetty awakes a more lively and amused sense of the fitness of the simile — "If ever a girl was made of roses, it was Hetty

that Sunday morning;" and familiar as the type of the road is as conveying a moral, we find no triteness in Crabbe when, satirizing the learning-made-easy of some teachers of his day, he clenches it with —

"And some to Heaven itself their byway know."

Nothing is so trite through other men's use that it may not be invested with new qualities, or brightened with renewed glory by the poet; but in speaking of illustration, of course we more particularly mean a fresh coinage altogether—that happy fit and neat adjustment of things not coupled together before, which brings the matter illustrated with sudden force to the reader or hearer. The gift of doing this implies very wide powers, and unremitting industry in the use of them: an activity of observation possessed by very few; a lifelong habit of taking in what passes before eyes and ears and reasoning upon them; an exceptional memory, and method in the training of it. What the illustrator observes he arranges in his mind, storing its treasures on a system which can produce them at the right moment. Most of us have an illustration to the point if we could find it; but our minds, even if they be busy ones, are furnished too much on the plan, or want of plan, of Dominie Sampson's—stowed with goods of every description, like a pawnbroker's shop, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands on any one article at the moment he has occasion for it. This at least may be the case with the conversational blunderers who lead up to where they expect an apt simile, tumble up and down for it, and do not find it. But a good illustrator has not only his attention alive and awake, and thinks to purpose—he has sympathy with his kind in all those fields of observation from which he derives his fund of illustration. And this is one main bond of union. We recognize a mind interested in what interests ourselves. Nothing is more charming, for instance, than to find a man of genius, whose thoughts and aspirations might all be supposed to circle above the heads of the common work-a-day

world, perfectly familiar with the little cares, the homely objects, the minor pleasures, troubles, inconveniences, which beset ordinary humanity, and taking them in precisely the same spirit. In his discourse on fanatical scruples of conscience, it is very agreeable, for instance, to find Jeremy Taylor illustrating a deep question of casuistry by a simile open to the comprehension of every man, woman, and child who has ever worn a shoe. Scruples, he says, are like a stone in the shoe: if you put your foot down it hurts you; if you lift it up you cannot go on. Its aptness, allied to its homeliness, tickles the fancy like wit. No subject can be dull under such handling.

Illustration is an amiable gift—amiable at least to the reader. It seeks constantly to relieve the tedium of attention and fixed thought. It is modest, and labours to save him the irksomeness of elaborate demonstration. It renders things clear and plain, with least trouble to ourselves, and throws in a good thing into the bargain. Constantly, indeed, it is a necessity. We can know some things only through vivid illustration. How, for instance, can a stay-at-home receive any idea of the Stourbach but through such a picture as Tennyson draws of

"The Alpine ledges, with their wreaths of
dangling water smoke."

Its serious office is to help along an abstract argument, to lighten and facilitate the discussion of grave topics, to administer a filip to infirm attention, and arrest a straggling wayward fancy. Illustrations don't prove a point, but they help us to tide over the labour of proof, and sweeten the extreme effort to most men of steady thought. Of all gifts this secures readers for weighty and toilsome questions on morals, politics, and religion; and is the only legitimate method of lightening these, except, indeed, extreme neatness and precision of expression, which can for a time dispense with all ornament or alleviation whatever to the severity of the topic under treatment. Locke, through an illustration, inflicts a sense of shame on the reader who has not thought for himself, which no reproof in sterner shape would impart; and

at the same time, by a second metaphor, gives a stimulus to endeavours. In his Preface we read: "He who has raised himself above the *alms-basket*, and, not content to *live lazily on scraps of begged opinion* sets his own thoughts on work to find and follow truth, will (whatever he lights on) not miss the *hunter's* satisfaction; every moment of his pursuit will reward his pains with some delight, and he will have reason to think his time not ill spent, even when he cannot boast of any great acquisition."

We have said that the illustrator habitually keeps his attention alive; but this, of course, applies only to a mind of very wide sympathies. Most people are one-eyed; half the world is a blank to them—they do not observe it. It was said of Tasso that he never departed from the woods—that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. We can imagine him, indeed, as passing over the common life of cities with eyes that saw nothing. Not so with Ariosto; his verse is enlivened, his story illustrated, by a hundred familiar allusions to the manners and habits of his time. One of his heroes, for example, passes from one danger to a worse, or, as it is expressed, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Dante has appropriate illustration for everything alike, when he condescends to use it,—nature in its grandeur and repose, the pulpit, the studio, and the workshop.

In every case, and however it is applied, metaphor may be said to be the natural link between man and the world he lives in; neither can be brought home to the feelings but through the help of the other. When nature is the theme, man's labours, his humours and passions, are necessary to give force to the picture: when man and his works occupy the front, then nature—and in nature we include all that is not man and those works—is instinctively sought into for means towards that comparison and likeness the mind craves for. We all think mistily in this vein. The poet gives it expression. Thus Wordsworth, in the history of his own mind, portrays the faculty of illustration:—

"To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
E'en the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: . . .
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love,
Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood

Of passion; was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind."

Every object in nature takes a colour in obedience to these varying moods. When apostrophizing the daisy, the "wee modest flower," he finds likenesses for it in things most opposite. It is a nun; it is a sprightly maiden; it is

"A queen in crown of rubies drest,
A starveling in a scanty vest."

But, Protean as these resemblances may be, nothing in nature can affect the poet but through his sympathy with man. The waning moon allies itself in Bryant's mind with waning intellect.

"Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages, in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now with stammering lips."

All pity for nature's decay and weakness can only arise through this unconscious comparison with the same in ourselves.

"Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men."

Mrs. Browning draws from the familiar object,—a shadow cast on running waters,—a sad but just illustration of faith and constancy misplaced, thus giving the key-note of the poem which it opens:—

"The lady's shadow lies
Upon the running river;
It lieth no less in its quietness
For that which resteth never,
Most like a trusting heart
Upon a passing faith,
Or as upon the course of life
The steadfast doom of death."

It is not necessary to a poet of genius to have seen either the illustration or the thing illustrated. Milton had neither seen Satan "rear from off the pool his mighty stature," nor witnessed anything at all approaching to the convulsion of nature to which he compares the demon standing erect—

"As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill,
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the
sole
Of unblest feet."

Neither had Bacon's outward ear caught the tones of Greek music when he describes

the mythological truths handed down by old traditions as the "breath and purer spirits of the earliest knowledge, floating down and made musical by Grecian flutes." But this method of illustration, without distinct knowledge for eye and sense, needs the rarest gifts. In meaner hands it is the source of most of the dull and trite illustration of which we are so weary; and lies at the root of the prejudice which popularly hangs about simile and metaphor as so much flimsy decoration, so that every sentence that seems to contain them is eluded by the practised eye. In truth we trust a writer when we apply our minds with hope and animation to his imagery. When authors insert metaphor as *ornament*, which is the way many people view it, it does not deserve to be read. A really happy metaphor is part and parcel of the work, and ought no more to be regarded as a superfluity than a child's golden tresses, on the ground that it can live in health without them. Some authors allow it to transpire that they keep a note-book, in which they enter every happy thought or pretty simile that occurs to their leisure, to be incorporated subsequently into some larger work. These prepared similes are very certain to do him no credit, to be ornaments out of place, and to betray their origin. Either they don't fit at all, or they manifest that universal fitness which constitutes the commonplace — so that we know all about it beforehand — or they are led up to by too transparent artifice, entangling and breaking the author's line of thought. The simile that lives is of the essence of the page where it is enshrined, coeval with the matter it illuminates, or at least flashing upon the author while he still muses upon what he has written. De Quincey says that Coleridge in his early days used the image of a man "sleeping under a manchineel-tree," alternately with the case of Alexander killing his friend Clitus, as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made inexhaustible in their applications. No emergency could possibly arise to puzzle the poet or the orator, but one of these similes (please Heaven!) should be made to meet it. So long as the manchineel continued to blister with poisonous dew those who confided in its shelter, so long as Niebuhr forbore to prove Alexander of Macedon a hoax and Clitus a myth, his fixed determination was that one or other of these images should come upon duty when he found himself on the brink of insolvency. Not so adjustable were the similes that

have made his own verses famous; as, for instance, that which pictures the horror which held the Mariner's eyes fixed before him so that he little saw of what had else been seen: —

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

This was neither anticipation nor afterthought, but essential part of a whole.

The department of nature that furnishes the commonest illustration, and needs least the gift as a distinction, is that which finds its most appropriate field in the fable. The extraordinary sympathy that infancy manifests towards all forms of animal life — the passion every baby shows for horse and cow, cat and dog, parrot and canary, so that for their sake it willingly forswears mere intellectual converse — makes us regret the general disuse of fable as moral teaching for children. This generation does not know *Æsop* as its progenitors of all time have known him. But this natural affinity is reason enough for the universal habit of comparison between animals and men; the alliance and resemblance is so obvious, and of so long standing, that everybody is alive to it. Dr. Johnson died in this form of metaphor. His friends record his complaints of the man who attended him: "Instead of watching, he sleeps like a dormouse; and when he helps me to bed he is awkward as a turnspit-dog the first time he is put into the wheel." Everybody can call his neighbour an ass, and liken a songstress or a lover to a nightingale —

"Sad Philomel thus — but let similes drop,

And now that I think on't, the story may stop."

The sympathy is so intimate that every passion expresses itself through this vocabulary instinctively —

"What, all my pretty chickens, at one fell swoop!"

When we say that a writer does not use metaphor, we must therefore except this form of it. In glancing over any one of Mr. Trollope's novels, "*Dr. Thorne*," for instance, we find very lively use of the animal kingdom. His readers must be familiar with his habit of calling young men, in their capacity of lover, wolves; and we come upon decoy-ducks, birds of prey, turtle-doves, chattering magpie, leeches, etc., and so on. When the Doctor wishes

to prepare his niece for the great fortune that has fallen to her he talks in fable:—

“I fear, Mary, that when poor people talk disdainfully of money, they often are like your fox, born without a tail. If nature suddenly should give that beast a tail, would he not be prouder of it than all the other foxes in the world?”

“Well, I suppose he would. That’s the very meaning of the story. But how moral you’ve become all of a sudden, at twelve o’clock at night! Instead of being Mrs. Radcliffe, I shall think you’re Mr. Æsop.”

Mrs. Gaskell is seldom tempted to illustration, but this form of it suits the feminine genius. In the “Cranford Papers,” Mr. Mulliner, the Hon. Mr. Jamieson’s powdered footman, the terror of all the good ladies who could not boast such a distinction, “in his pleasantest and most gracious mood, looked like a sulky cockatoo.” In ordinary minds this modified exercise of the fancy is applied mostly to the purposes of common vituperation or endearment. Bird and beast gain nothing by this association with man. But the poet idealizes his inspiration, glorifies them into types of power, dignity, ferocity, whatever their distinctive attributes, as Dante’s “Sordella”—

“Posasi come Leon che posa;”

as the wolf swells into demon atrocity in Cowley’s fine simile, occurring in his debate with the fiend, Cromwell’s advocate. Failing in argument, that “great bird of prey” would have carried the poet off—first to the tower, thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither! but for the interposition of an angel. Naturally it irritates the fiend to be balked so unexpectedly, and

“Such rage enflames the wolf’s wild heart and eyes,
(Robbed as he thinks unjustly, of his prize),
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws

The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws.
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail,
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;

He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.”

Though it must be allowed in this case that Cowley had probably only his inner consciousness to guide him as to the deportment of a wolf under these circumstances.

In another vein Southey uses the polypus as the type of the unintelligible. Hav-

ing mystified one of his friends by a passage from Swedenborg, he bids him read again.

“Don’t you understand it? Read it a third time. Try it backwards. See if you can make anything of it diagonally. Turn it upside down. Philosophers have discovered that you may turn a polypus inside out, and it will live just as well one way as the other. It is not to be supposed that nature ever intended any of its creatures to be thus inverted, but so the thing happens.”

The satirist illustrates the qualities and passions of men by beasts, birds, and insects, in the spirit of fable, accepting the popular idea of their properties without troubling himself further. Our readers to whom it is familiar, must excuse our giving the opening of the “Hind and Panther,” for it is not everybody to whom Dryden’s masterpieces are familiar nowadays.

“A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.”

Then follow the denominations—the “bloody Bear, an Independent beast;” “the Socinian Reynard;” “the Calvinistic Wolf, pricking predestinating ears;” and last, the creeping things representing minor sects—for liberty of conscience was not a poet’s theme in those days.

“A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.”

The Panther—the Church of England—is drawn with elaboration, but in disdain of close analogy: her spots were all the poet cared for. The Hind enters into conversation with her—

“Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk, what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.”

Swift finds the animal and insect kingdom a very convenient medium for his cynicism. “A little wit,” he says, “is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plainly by a parrot.” His political opponent is the spider arguing with the bee, swelling himself into the size and posture of a disputant, with a

resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge his own reasons without the least regard to the answers and objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his own head against all conviction. This system of fable is perfectly different from the use made of the lower creation in modern poetry. It is still used as illustration, but through close observation of the individual. Nature is being studied now for its own sake, not only as it subserves men's uses; and the poet must share and illustrate the spirit of his age, though sometimes at the risk of seeming to play a game of definitions from a nicety of delineation which exceeds the reader's powers of sympathy. Geraint, in the "Idylls of the King," having commanded his wife to put off her fine clothes and don again the "faded silk," scrutinizes her with the air of a robin —

"Never man rejoiced

More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;
And glancing all at once as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the deliver's toil,
Made her cheek burn, and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied."

This same Enid, when helpless in Earl Doorm's hands, sent forth

"A sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in a trap,
Which sees the trapper coming through the
wood."

This cry the poet must have heard, as he had seen the fluster inside a dove-cot of

"A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
When some one batters at the dove-cot doors;"
and watched the manners of the pet parrot, which turns

"Up through gilt wires a crafty loving eye,
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true love, and not for harm."

There is a simile *imagined* in the modern spirit of careful truth to nature, in Mr Browning's "Balaustion's Adventures." An eagle in a very unusual predicament, who personates Death, is faced at a great disadvantage by the lion Apollo. The reader will probably have to read it twice over to embrace the situation, but it will be found a vigorous image when once mastered: —

"And we observed another Deity
Half in, half out the portal — watch and
ward —
Eyeing his fellow: formidably fixed,
Yet faltering too at who affronted him,
As somehow disadvantaged, should they strive.

Like some dread heapy blackness, ruffled
wing,
Convulsed and cowering head that is all eye,
Which proves a ruined eagle who, too blind,
Swooping in quest of quarry, fawn or kid,
Descried deep down the chasm 'twixt rock
and rock,
Has wedged and mortised into either wall
O' the mountain, the pent earthquake of his
power;
So lies, half hurtless yet still terrible,
Just when who stalks up, who stands front to
front,
But the great lion-guarder of the gorge,
Lord of the ground, a stationed glory there!
Yet he too pauses ere he try the worst
O' the frightful unfamiliar nature, new
To the chasm indeed, but elsewhere known
enough,
Among the shadows and the silences
Above i' the sky."

There is a class of metaphor bringing home to us a sense of the awful, mysterious, and unknown, through what is itself vague shadow, only half apprehended, that gives evidence of a lofty imagination beyond any other form of this gift. To illustrate what we mean, we must again quote what is familiar, Milton's image of Death: —

"The other shape,
If shape it could be called that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed,
For each seemed either; *black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,*
And shook a dreadful dart."

Or again —

"Confusion *heard* his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled — stood vast infinitude *confined*,
Till at his second bidding darkness *fled*."

Or —

"And on his crest sat horror plumed."

Such suggestion is involved in the "secrets of the prison-house." And we find the same awe veiling itself in impersonation where the prophet Ezekiel warns his people that the day of trouble is close upon them, that his prophecy was not of a distant future, but of terrors close at hand: —

"An end is come, the end is come; *it watcheth
for thee*; behold it is come;"

— the end ready to spring like a thing alive, and inevitable doom craving to destroy and exterminate.

"Woe," cries Bunyan, in his despair —
"woe be to him against whom the Scriptures
bend themselves."

Something of the same feeling attends the shadow in "In Memoriam" — "the shadow feared by man," that

"Bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the waste,
The shadow sits that waits for me."

And where the fears of conscience in Guinevere are brought before us through the vague fears of superstition : —

"A vague spiritual fear
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
That keeps the rust of murder on this wall,
Held her awake."

Three qualities are essential to a perfect illustration. It must be apt, it must be original, and it must be characteristic of its author. So far we have treated illustration mainly in its poetical aspect; as the world reads and enjoys it oftenest and most familiarly, it is wit. An apt illustration taken from the life we live in is wit, however grave the matter it illustrates, and sombre the surroundings. Our old divines allowed themselves these relaxations much more freely than is the habit now, and in so doing imprinted themselves more vividly on their works. The preacher of our day keeps his good stories for his friends at his own fireside. There was nothing within the bounds of modest decorous mirth that Jeremy Taylor or Fuller thought unfit to brighten a grave discourse or a weighty subject.

"There is a disease of infants," says Fuller, "called the rickets. Have not many nowadays the same sickness in their souls? their heads swelling to a vast proportion, and they wonderfully enabled with knowledge to discourse. But, alas! how little their legs, poor their practice, and lazy their walking in a godly conversation!"

There is, again, his quaint impersonation of second childhood. "The Pyramids, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." And negroes, with him, are "images of God cut in ebony." Jeremy Taylor abounds in illustration sure to excite a smile, whatever the context; as where he defines the weak reasoner :

"He that proves a certain truth from an uncertain argument, is like him that wears a wooden leg when he has two sound ones already."

Those who postpone the day of repentance are like

"The Circassian gentlemen who enter not into

a church till they are sixty and past rapine, but hear service out of window."

On niceties of religious differences he argues : —

"He that describes a man can tell you the colour of his hair, his stature, and proportion, and describe some general lines enough to distinguish him from a *Cyclop* or a *Saracen*; but when you chance to see the man you will discover figures or little features of which the description had produced in you no fantasm or expectation. And on the exterior signification of a sect, there are more semblances than in men's faces and greater uncertainty in the signs."

The casualties to which human life is incident are shown by examples : —

"And those creatures which nature hath left without weapons, yet are they armed sufficiently to vex those parts of a man which are left obnoxious, to a sunbeam, to the roughness of a sour grape, to the unevenness of a gravel-stone, to the dust of a wheel, or the unwholesome breath of a star looking awry upon a sinner."

Of those whom the practice of fasting makes peevish and difficult to live with ("as was sadly experimented in St. Jerome") he says : —

"It is not generally known whether the beast that is wanton or the beast that is cursed be aptest to gore."

That fearlessness characteristic of the born illustrator is especially shown in his triads of examples. He leads up to them without knowing exactly what will come, making sure that fancy will not leave him in the lurch, and when he looked for one, three crowd upon him. A wise person, he argues, will put most on the greatest interest : —

"No man will hire a general to cut wood, or shake hay with a sceptre, or spend his soul and all his faculties upon the purchase of a cockleshell."

"To resolve is to purpose to do what we may if we will. Some way or other the thing is in our power; either we are able of ourselves or we are helped. No man resolves to carry an elephant, to be as wise as Solomon, or to destroy a vast army with his own hand."

Again, the humour often lies in a word of metaphor, as where the disconsolate husband, when his grief has boiled down somewhat, turns his thoughts to a second marriage.

South talks of men made atheists by a bad conscience, who dare not look truth in the face, and "had rather be befooled

into a prudent, favourable, and propitious lie; a lie which shall chuck them under the chin and kiss them, and at the same time, strike them under the fifth rib;" and of the cheating tradesman selling his soul "like brown paper into the bargain." Hammond, in a grave discourse, likens the self-delusion of professors to the practice of some Mohammedans, who, when they would get drunk, get rid of conscience by exorcising their soul into some extremity of the body, thus relieving the mass of its responsibility. We do not gather, however, that illustration was ever thought essential to be cultivated where it did not naturally grow. Barrow, who exhausted every subject he took up, never illustrated it beyond the most matter-of-fact examples.

Dryden's was the fancy that most teemed with illustration of the witty as well as poetical sort. His prose is enlivened with it almost to excess. He plunges into it, after the manner of a clever "Times" article, on the opening of a dedication or preface, all his observations on life, society—or the court, ready at his pen's end.

"It is with the poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds and will have this or that convenience made, of which he had not thought when he began. So it has happened to me: I have built a house where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived."

And he apologizes in the same vein for the poems thus prefaced:—

"I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily; but desired of the fair spectators that they would count four-score and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind the reader must determine."

He values himself on the fineness of his satire in a comparison we have seen quoted. There is, he says,

"A vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. 'A man may be

capable,' as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, 'of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was belonging only to her husband.'"

Theocritus's Doric, he says, has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, "like a fair shepherdess in her country russet talking in a Yorkshire tone." Inferior critics are "French Huguenots, and Dutch boors brought over, but not naturalized, who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll." The age boasted itself a witty one, and false and true wit alike must wear the fashion of their day. The Drama overflowed with it. Thus Witwould, in Congreve's comedy, never opens his mouth without a trope. He rushes upon the stage:—

"That's hard, very hard—a messenger! a mule, a beast of burden! He has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another; and, what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author as an epistle dedicatory."

He overwhelms Millamant, whom he attends, with similes. Her entrance, indeed, is in a sort of firework of metaphor. Her irritated lover, expecting her to be followed by the usual troop of admirers, begins:

"*Mirabel*.—Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fall spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.—Ha! no! I cry her mercy. You seem to be unattended, Madam; you used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

"*Witwould*.—Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

"*Millamant*.—I have denied myself air to-day. I have walked as fast through the crowd—

"*Witwould*.—As a favourite just disgraced, and with as few followers.

"*Millamant*.—Dear Mr. Witwould, truce with your similitudes, for I am as sick of 'em—

"*Witwould*.—As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, Madam, though 'tis against myself.

"*Millamant*.—Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

"*Witwould*.—Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day; I am too bright."

It is not only the avowed wit who overpowers us with metaphor; the dramatist strives to show his own invention through the medium of the whole *dramatis personæ*.

Everybody has an image or a figure to clinch his meaning; it is one main cause of the absolute difference between talk on the stage and off it. Not that author or spectator quite knows this, for the humour for illustration is sometimes irrepresible—a sort of fever on the author's side: and it is one of the chief merits and charms of a good play that it communicates to the listener an inner sense and share of its own cleverness; it being the great function of illustration to enlarge the common stock of human intellect, wit, and poetry.

But we must not linger among the writers of a past age. Every memory will recall examples which they prefer to our own. Shakespeare is too familiar a friend to borrow much from. Ben Jonson's exquisite cluster of similes in "The Triumph of Charis" need not be quoted; nor yet Pope's equally delightful tumult of comparisons, which fail to express Belinda's despair. Indeed, all Pope's best illustrations are wit of the first water, and as such proverbial. "Lord Landeshborough," "The tall Bully," and a hundred other cues, need only be given to bring the neatest of couplets crowded with meaning to the reader's memory, such as—

"Who can escape Time's all-destroying hand ?

Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand ?"

Every age has its peculiar line; and every writer of genius uses similitudes after a manner of his own, whether nature is treated merely as a picture, or invested with a human heart and temper, or deserted altogether for social comparisons found in man and his works. In this last, a favourite method is the allegory or apologue, or more familiar anecdote—that case in point with which some minds are so wonderfully stored, that it suggests the idea of invention. This, in clever hands, is the engine or weapon of malice, of all degrees, from the playful to the venomous. A subject thus introduced has no chance—it takes any colour the author pleases. But its influence is subtler when applied to nullify what has gone before, and to attach a sly sting at the tail of commendation. We observe, for instance, that De Quincey can never enlarge either on the life or poetry of Wordsworth, without a touch of spleen or bile following close on the approval of his taste and intellect. He uses forcible words of esteem for his person, and reverence for his genius; but then comes a little story or apologue, just the slightest infusion of bitter that leaves

a lasting taste behind. Nobody else can say a word, but he is down upon the critic for stupidly mistaking the poet's crowning excellence for defect; but when he takes him in hand he is presently reminded of some anecdote which the poet would not thank him for remembering at that moment. Thus the story of Margaret in the "Excursion," on which so much pathos and pity is lavished, suggests a tale in direct ridicule and disparagement of both, as merely abstract and sentimental.

"There is a story somewhere told of a man who complained, and his friends also complained, that his face looked almost always dirty. The man explained this strange affection out of a mysterious idiosyncrasy in the face itself, upon which the atmosphere so acted as to force out stains and masses of gloomy suffusion, just as it does upon some qualities of stone in rainy or vapoury weather. 'But,' said his friend, 'had you no advice for this strange affection?'—'Oh yes: surgeons had prescribed; chemistry had exhausted its secrets upon the case; magnetism had done its best; electricity had done its worst.' His friend mused for some time, and then asked, 'Pray, amongst these painful experiments, did it ever happen to you to try one that I have read of—namely, a basin of soap and water?' And perhaps on the same principle it might be allowable to ask the philosophic wanderer who washes the case of Margaret with so many coats of metaphysical varnish, but ends with finding all unavailing, 'Pray, amongst your other experiments, did you ever try the effect of a guinea?'"

Sydney Smith's wit goes out very much in illustration, which is indeed the case with all wit; but his *forte* is putting an imaginary case and crowding it with vivid and appropriate detail. His arguments for Roman Catholic emancipation are all enriched with the choicest pictures in this vein of begging the question, as when our constitution is compared to a frigate going into action, in which the captain (whose name was Perceval), "instead of talking to his sailors of king, country, glory, and sweethearts, gin, French prisons, and wooden shoes, claps twenty or thirty of his prime sailors, who happen to be Catholics, into irons, and reminds the crew generally, in a bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust the Presbyterian quartermaster; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles," and so on. In his case this mode of proof is peculiarly effective, because, as he did not the least understand the grounds on which his opponents acted, we need not

think him deliberately unfair. Nothing could be stronger than his faith in his own views, unless it was his contempt for those of the other side. He had a profound contempt for what he thought non-essentials in religion. To see people differ, and quarrel, and legislate about and against them, was to him simply ridiculous; so his illustration expressed exactly the ground and bottom of the matter, and was exhaustive to his own mind.

"I have often thought, if the *wisdom of our ancestors* had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights. What mobs and riots it would produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriots be exposed! what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval! what froth would drop from Mr. Canning! how (I will not say *my* but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all) — how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William, and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious Revolution! how Lord Eldon would appeal to the Deity and to the hair of his children! Some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were atheists. They would be petitioned against as the friends of slavery and the advocates of revolt. In short, such a corruption of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people, if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid."

Minds of this lively order cannot argue without illustration. They rush to it as rest from the pains of disquisition, as well as in confidence thus to win over the suffrages they are anxious for.

The gift of imagination wreathes every abstract speculation, as well as all personal experience, bitter as well as sweet, with these graces, which, when they come unsought, are associated with the subject-matter indissolubly. Every reader of "Jane Eyre," remembers the simile of the snow in June as part of the blank despair where the marriage is broken off. It belongs to some natures to pause, even in a crisis, in search of that sympathy from nature their reserve forbids them to look for in man, though more commonly illustration is the amusement of the mind in greater leisure and composure of spirit. The illustration in George Eliot's writings that stands foremost in the memory is of this sort. The habit in some minds exercises itself mainly on itself. There are states of the mind that can only be cleared to itself through metaphor; so Haydon

exhausts himself in simile to describe the hurry of his own genius — "Invention presses upon a man like a night-mare." "All of a sudden a flash comes inside your head as if a powder-mill had exploded without any noise." The pedlar in the "Mill on the Floss," describes his head as "all alive inside like old cheese." And Charles Lamb is happy in the vein of his peculiarities, his likes and dislikes. "There is an order of imperfect intellects," he says " (under which mine must be content to rank), who, amongst other things, seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear." His whole paper on Imperfect Sympathies, which is a personal one, is alive with metaphor. Thus, of the Scotchman he is pleased to say that "he stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. His mind is put together on the principles of clock-work." Jews he likes as a *piece of stubborn antiquity*; but in their dress of modern Liberalism "they are neither fish nor flesh." In the negro countenance he acknowledges traits of benignity. "I have yearnings of tenderness towards their faces, or rather *masks*;" though "he would not wish to associate or share his meals and good nights with them because they are *black*." He would starve at the primitive banquet of Quaker life and converse. "My appetites are too high for their *salads*."

The practised hand shows its skill sometimes in a sort of *tour de force*, throwing a shower of graceful imagery over common things and matters of the house. How pleasantly Lord Lytton glorifies sixpence in the Caxtons: —

"Now, my mother, true woman as she was, had a womanly love of show in her quiet way — of making a genteel figure in the neighbourhood — of seeing that sixpence not only went as far as sixpence ought to go, but that in the going it should emit a mild but imposing splendour — not, indeed, a gaudy flash, a startling Borealian coruscation — which is scarcely within the modest and placid idiosyncrasies of sixpence; but a gleam of gentle and benign light, just to show where a sixpence had been and allow you time to say, 'Behold!' before

"The jaws of darkness did devour it up."

It is the gentle feminineness of Mrs. Caxton that tinctures this passage with its poetry, in spite of the banter; and places it in amusing contrast with a certain class of metaphor dealing with lucre, to be found in the mercantile columns of the press. For trade, like other things, instinctively, though in lubberly fashion, falls into simile, and appeals to nature for analogies. "Sir,"

writes a correspondent, dating from Mark Lane, "the events of the last five weeks have but *rippled the surface of the grain trade*, which has flowed in the direction I ventured to anticipate." "Since the days of drainage dawned," writes another. While we read of the hog *crop*, and of hogs commanding a high price, and so on. It requires, indeed, a certain delicacy of perception, denied to some, to distinguish the appropriate field for metaphor. A biographer who opens his subject thus: "Born in the cradle of the wholesale book trade," certainly misses it; so does the writer of a dictionary who pronounces truth to be the soul of his work, and brevity its body; and so does the poet who warns against discontent through the medium of fable.

"As well the newt might make complaint,
Because a nightingale it aint."

Nor is it only nameless poets who have evinced a deadness of perception in this matter. The warmest admirers of the Botanic Garden were obliged to own that Dr. Darwin carried the *Prosopopœia* — the illustration of qualities by a bodily presentment of them — too far. In fact this figure will not bear detail. It should be touch and go. Lady Macbeth uses it thus airily when she gives the sentiment —

"Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

He would have enlarged on digestive processes till the hardest stomach grew qualmish, in the spirit in which he laboriously trifles with chemical affinities, making Azotic Gas the lover of the virgin Air, and transforming Fire into a jealous rival indignant at the treacherous courtship. Again, where the mechanism of that familiar object, the pump, is illustrated by a picture of matronly beauty administering sustenance to her infant; the pump thus furnishing matter for reproof to the fashionable world, in which affluent mothers are seduced by indolence or dissipation into unnatural contempt for this "delightful duty." Those instances fail through the endeavour to raise the familiar and prosaic by supplying them with artificial wings. On the other hand, metaphor and illustration are constantly used to lower and familiarize the dignified or mysterious, as where Thackeray's simple heroine is left to the care of guardian angels with or without wages, and Dryden indicates Dido as the coming dowager.

When it is said that most men are without the gift and habit of illustration, it must be owned that this rather applies to

the respectable members of the community than to its outlaws and black sheep. A society that has forty phrases to express drunkenness, as those say who have counted them, must be credited with some play of fancy. All callings that find plain speaking inconvenient, invent a dialect of metaphor and allusion, and acquire facility in the use of imagery. "Come along, cried a drunken convict cook, squaring at her master, who invaded the kitchen to know why breakfast did not appear — "Come along, my hearty! Them as wants their breakfast must fight for it, *like the dogs do*." And burlesque, which is the passion of the vulgar, ministers to this taste, both in language and impersonation.

Impersonation is also a method for the exercise of the illustrating faculty in society of another order altogether. The poor Empress's fancy-dress balls, which amazed Paris and the world some years back, exhausted the invention of the belles and beaux. One lady personated a violet, another a snow-storm, others butterflies and other insects, another a pack of cards. To act out the qualities of all these objects must necessarily be the aim of a clever impersonator. Hard though the task, "Punch's" parody represented it as possible even in the case of purer abstractions. "The Honourable Miss Top Sawyer wonderfully represented to Brighton and back for half-a-crown." "The Duchess of Herne Bay was elegantly robed as the St. Martin's baths and wash-houses." And the masterpiece of the evening was "Alderman Sir R. Gobble, as the General Omnibus Company (Limited)."

From all accounts the Americans beat us hollow in illustration. No provincial paper but has a corner of victimisms mainly contributed by them. Sam Slick absolutely bristles with imagery. Every man far west is a Sam Weller. The commonest incidents of life are portrayed, the most ordinary questions are answered in metaphor. The lecturer is assured that an audience will come with a rush "like a shower of little apples." An imposture is "a steamboat;" to be overreached is to have your "eye-teeth drawn;" to drink is to "conceal too much whiskey about the person." Small means and modest pretensions are represented by "one horse;" a "one-horse show;" a "one-horse reputation;" swamps give a fine crop of chills and fevers; coffins are "wooden overcoats." Something of the same tone characterizes American authors when they leave the woods, plains, and streams for their inspiration, and re-

vive the grotesque and wild images derived from the ferocities of savage life, or the conflicts of the first settlers with nature and the wild man. Theodore Parker, the transcendentalist, had a habit of collecting every fact to the disadvantage of the public men he did not like, with the design some day to attack and expose them. These damaging charges were called by his friends his *scalps*. It was complacently said of him, "He keeps all his scalps in the desk of the Music Hall. While you are listening to him, he suddenly draws one forth, shakes it at the audience, and puts it up again. It was the scalp of a clergyman. You recollect the sin for which he was slain, and grimly recognize and approve." It was a boast that this leader of thought was healthily built. "There was no room in Parker's head for vermin—not a single rat-hole in the whole house." In their scorn for the past these zealots invent a transatlantic Billingsgate of foul similies. The Catechism, for example, is a bundle of old rags. With this is mingled a curious jargon of scientific analogies. Venerable creeds are fossilizations; to rest on one belief or opinion is crystalization.

In Francisco and the gold-digging districts, cards seem to supply the language of metaphor. We must understand the games of Euchre and Poker to follow their meaning. To become euchred, we are told, is to lose two points, and the right bower is the knave of trumps. So in the dialogues commemorated by Bret Harte: "What have you got there?" asks the pursued highwayman of King Lynch; who replies, "Two bowers and an ace," showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee, and submitted to his fate.

There are some objects in nature and art whose one use and purpose in life seems to be as illustrations. We acknowledge to finding no other utility in the thorn that is inseparable from the rose; nor in Prince Rupert's drop; nor in apples of Sodom, if there are such things; nor in house-spiders; nor in the stray atoms that float on the stream or lie in our path, to be swept into space after they have met the all-embracing eye of poet or moralist. We can do very well without them; but Dryden wanted a comparison for the labours of petty critics who find faults and cannot see beauties, and nothing else would have done as well.

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow,

He who would search for pearls must dive below."

So did Swift illustrate the hypochondriacal fancies of discontent. "Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way. For want of a block he will stumble at a straw."

Our aim has been to show and touch upon illustration in its many forms as the enlarger of the human mind. The memory of every reader will supply a rush of further, and it may be thought, more appropriate and better-chosen examples. Those who treat it mainly as an ornament, altogether miss its functions and purposes. Metaphor is the educator of the imagination; perpetually building what is new upon the old, and compelling men into a wider apprehension:—to see through the mind as well as through the eye. What would our ordinary talk have been but for the wits and the poets of all time, who have hung round every common sight, and sound, and need of homely nature with analogies: so forcing upon us the recognition, it may be the contemplation, of higher things?

From The Cornhill Magazine.

STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

BY M. M. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

AT Sarrebourg, I had to wait two hours before I could see Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, who was breakfasting with messieurs the councillors of the arrondissement, in honour of the Plébiscite. Five or six mayors of the neighbourhood were waiting like myself; we saw filing down the passage great dishes of fish and game, notwithstanding that the fishing and shooting seasons were over; and then baskets of wine; and we could hear our councillors laughing, "Ha! ha! ha!" They were enjoying themselves mightily.

At last Monsieur le Sous-Préfet came out; he had had an excellent breakfast.

"Ha! is that you, gentlemen?" said he; "come in, come into the office."

And for another quarter of an hour we were left standing in the office. Then came Monsieur le Sous-Préfet to get rid of the mayors, who wanted different things for their villages. He looked delighted, and granted everything. At last, having despatched the rest, he said to me, "Oh! Monsieur le Maire, I know the object of your coming. You are come to

ask for the person called George Weber, authorization to open a public-house at Rothalp. Well, it's out of the question. That George Weber is a Republican; he has already offered opposition to the Plébiscite: you ought to have notified this to me. You have screened him because he is your cousin. Authorizations to keep public-houses are granted to steady men, devoted to his Majesty the Emperor, and who keep a watch over their customers; but they are never granted to men who require watching themselves. You should be aware of that."

Then I perceived that my rascally deputy, that miserable Placiard, had denounced us. That old dry-bones did nothing but draw up perpetual petitions, to beg for places, pensions, tobacco excise offices, decorations for himself and his honourable family, speaking incessantly of his services, his devotion to the dynasty, and his claims. His claims were the denunciations, the informations which he laid before the Sous-Préfeture; and, to tell the truth, in those days these were the most valid claims.

I was indignant, but I said nothing; and I simply added a few words in favour of cousin George, assuring Monsieur le Sous-Préfet that lies had been told about him, that one should not believe everything, &c. He half concealed a weary yawn; and as the councillors of the arrondissement were laughing in the garden, he rose and said politely, "Monsieur le Maire, you are answered. Besides, you have already two public-houses in your village; three would be too many."

It was useless to stay after that, so I made a bow, at which he seemed pleased, and returned quietly to Rothalp. The same evening I went to repeat to George, word for word, the answer of the Sous-Préfet. Instead of getting angry, as I expected, my cousin listened calmly. His wife only cried out against that bad lot—she spoke of all the sous-préfets in the most disrespectful manner. But my cousin, smoking his pipe after supper, took it all very easily.

"Just listen to me, Christian," said he. "In the first place, I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. All that you tell me, I knew beforehand; but I am not sorry to know it certainly. Yet I could wish that the Sous-Préfet had had my letter. As it is, since I am refused licence to sell a few glasses of wine retail, I will sell wine wholesale. I have already a stock of white wine, and no later than to-morrow I am off to Nancy. I buy a

light cart and a good horse. Thence I drive to Thiancourt, where I lay in a stock of red wine. After that, I rove right and left all over the country, and I sell my wine by the cask or the quarter-cask, according to the solvency of my customers: instead of having one public-house, I will have twenty. I must keep moving. With an inn, Marie Anne would still have been obliged to cook; she has quite enough to do without."

"Oh! yes," she said; "for thirty years I have been cooking dishes of sauerkraut and sausage at Krantheimer's at Montmartre, and at Auber's in the cloister St. Benoit."

"Exactly so," said George; "and now you shall cook no longer, and you shall look after the crops, the slacking of the hay, the storage of fruits and potatoes. We shall get in our dividends, and I will trot round the country with my little pony from village to village. Monsieur le Sous-Préfet shall know that George Weber can live without him."

Hearing this, I learnt that they had money in the funds, besides all the rest; and I reflected that my cousin was quite right to laugh at all the sous-préfets in the world.

He came with me to the door, shaking hands with me; and I said to myself that it was an abomination to have refused a publican's licence to respectable persons, when they gave it to such men as Nicolas Reiter and Jean Kreps, whom their own wives called their best customers, because they dropped under the table every evening and had to be carried to bed.

On the other hand, I saw that it was better for me; for if my cousin had been found infringing the law, I should have had to take depositions, and there would have been a quarrel with cousin. So that all was for the best, the wholesale business being only the exciseman's affair.

What George had said, he did next day. At six o'clock he was already at the station, and in five or six days he had returned from Nancy upon his own char-à-banc, drawn by a strong horse, five or six years old, in its prime. The char-à-banc was a new one; a tilt could be put up in wet weather, which could be raised or lowered to deliver the wine or receive back the empty casks, when necessary.

The wine from Thiancourt followed. George stored it immediately, after having paid the blil and settled with the carter. I was standing by.

As for telling you how many casks he had then in the house, that would be diffi-

cult without examining his books; but not a wine-merchant in the neighbourhood, not even in town, could boast of such a wine-vault as he had for excellence of quality, for variety in price, of red and white, of Alsace and Lorraine.

About that time, he sent for me and Jacob to make a list of safe customers. He wrote on, asking us "How much may I give to so-and-so?"

"So much."

"How much to that man?"

"So much."

In the course of a single afternoon we had passed in review all the innkeepers and publicans from Droulingen to Quatre Vents, from Quatre Vents to the Dagsberg. Jacob and I knew what they were worth to the last penny; for the man who pays readily for his flour, pays well for his wine; and those who want pulling up by the miller, are in no hurry to open their purses to the others.

That was the way cousin George conducted his business.

He took a lad from our place, the son of the cooper Gros, to drive; and he himself was salesman.

From that day he was only seen passing through Rothalp at a quick trot, and his lad loading and unloading.

My cousin, also, had a notion of distilling in the winter. He bought up a quantity of old second-hand barrels to hold the fruits which he hoped to secure at a cheap rate in autumn; he laid up a great store of firewood. All our country people had nothing to do but to look at him to learn something; but the people down our way all think themselves so amazingly clever, and that does not help to make folks richer.

Well, it is plain to you that our cousin's prospects were looking very bright. Every day, returning from his journey to Saverne or to Phalsbourg, he would stop his cart before my door, and come to see me in the mill, crying out: "Hallo! good afternoon, Christian. How are you to-day?"

Then we used to step into the back parlour, on account of the noise and the dust, and there we talked about the price of corn, cattle, provender, and indeed everything that is interesting to people in our condition.

What astonished him most of all was the number of Germans to be met with in the mountains and in the plains.

"I see nobody else," said he; "wood-cutters, brewers' men, coopers, tinkers, photographers, contractors. I will lay a

wager, Christian, that your young man Franz is a German too."

"Yes, he comes from the Grand Duchy of Baden."

"How does this happen?" said George.

"What is the meaning of it all?"

"They are good workmen," said I, "and they ask only half the wages."

"And ours — what becomes of them?"

"Ah, you see, cousin George, that is their business."

"I understand," he said, "that we are making a great mistake. Even in Paris, this crowd of Germans, crossing-sweepers, shop and ware-house men, carters, book-keepers, professors of every kind, astonished me; and since Sadowa, there are twice as many. The more country they annex, the further they extend their view. Where is the advantage of our being Frenchmen — paying every year heavier taxes; sending our children to be drawn for the conscription, and paying for their exemption; bearing all the expenses of the State, all the insults of the préfets, the sous-préfets, and the police-inspectors, and the annoyances of common spies and informers, if those fellows, who have nothing at all to bear, enjoy the same advantages with ourselves, and even greater ones; since our own people are sent off to make room for these, and by their great numbers they lower the price of hand-labour? This benefits the manufacturers, the contractors, the bourgeois class, but it is misery for the mass of the people. I cannot understand it at all. Our rulers, up there, must be losing their senses. If that goes on, the working-men will cease to care for their country, since it cares so little for them; and the Germans who are favoured, and who hate us, will quietly put us out at our own doors."

Thus spoke my cousin, and I knew not what answer to make.

But about this time I had a great trouble, and although this affair is my private business alone, I must tell you about it.

Since the arrival of George, my daughter Grédel, instead of looking after our business as she used to do, washing clothes, milking cows, and so on, was all the blessed day at Marie Anne's. Jacob complained, and said: "What is she about down there? By and by I shall have to prepare the clothes for the wash, and hang them upon the hedges to dry, and churn butter. Could not Grédel do her own work? Does she think we are her servants?"

He was right. But Grédel never trou-

bled herself; she never has thought of any one besides herself. Down there she was along with George's wife, who talked to her from morning till night about Paris, the grand squares, the markets, the price of eggs and of meat, what was charged at the barrières; of this, that, and the other; cooking, and what not.

Marie Anne wanted company. But this did not suit me at all; and the less because Grédel had had a lover in the village for some time, and that, when this is the case, the best thing to be done is always to keep your daughter at home, and to watch her closely.

It was only a common clerk at a stone-quarry in Wilsberg, a late artillery sergeant, Jean Baptiste Werner, who had taken the liberty to cast his eyes upon our daughter. We had nothing to say against this young man. He was a fine, tall man, thin, with a bold expression and brown moustaches, and who did his duty very well at the quarry by Father Heitz; but he could earn no more than his three francs a day: and any one may see that the daughter of Christian Weber was not to be thrown away upon a man who earns three francs a day. No, that would never do.

Nevertheless, I had often seen this Jean Baptiste Werner going in the morning to his work with his foot-rule under his arm, stopping at the mill-dam, as if to watch the geese and the ducks paddling about the sluice, or the hens circling around the cock on the dunghill; and at the same moment Grédel would be slowly combing her hair at her window before the little looking-glass, leaning her head outside. I had also noticed that they said good-morning to each other a good way off, and that that clerk always looked excited and flurried at the sight of my daughter; and I had even been obliged to give Grédel notice to go and comb her hair somewhere else when that man passed, or to shut her window.

This is my case, simply told.

That young man worried me. My wife, too, was on her guard.

You may now understand why I should have preferred to have seen our daughter at home; but it was not so easy to forbid her to go to my cousin's. George and his wife might have been angry! and that troubled us.

Fortunately, about that time the eldest son of Father Heitz,* the owner

of the quarry, asked for Grédel in marriage.

For a long while, Monsieur Mathias Heitz, junior, had come every Sunday from Wilsberg to the *Cruchon d'Or*, to amuse himself with Jacob, as young men do when they have intentions with regard to a family. He was a fine young man, fat, with red cheeks and ears, and always well dressed, with a flowered-velvet waistcoat and seals to his watch-chain; in a word, just such a young man as a girl with any good sense would be glad to have for a husband.

He had property too; he was the eldest of five children. I reckoned that his own share might be fifteen to twenty-thousand francs after the death of his parents.

Well, this young man demanded Grédel in marriage, and in a moment Jacob, my wife and myself were agreed to accept him.

Only my wife thought that we ought to consult cousin George and Marie Anne. Grédel was just there when I went in with Catherine; but behold! on the first mention of the thing she began to melt into tears, and to say she would rather die than marry Mathias Heitz. You may imagine how angry we were. My wife was going to slap her face or box her ears, but my cousin became angry now, and told us that we ought never to oblige a girl to marry against her will, because this was the way to make miserable households. Then he took us out into the passage, telling us that he took the responsibility of this affair: that he wished to obtain information, and tell the young man that he required a month for reflection.

We could not refuse him that. Grédel would no longer come home; my cousin's wife begged us not to plague her; we had to give way to them; but it was one of the greatest troubles of my life. And I thought: "Now you cannot give your daughter to whoever you like; is not this really abominable?"

I felt angry with myself for having listened to my cousin: but, nevertheless, Grédel stayed with them a whole week, in consequence of which we were obliged to hire a charwoman, and Jacob exclaimed that Grédel could not have offered him a worse insult than to refuse his best comrade, a rich fellow who boldly paid down his money for ten, fifteen, and twenty bottles at the club without so much as winking.

However, he never mentioned it to cousin George, for whom he felt the

* It is usual there for fathers of families to be distinguished as Father So-and-so.

greatest respect on account of his expectations from him, and whose strong language dismayed him.

At last my wife found that Grédel was staying too long away from home; the people of the village would have gone on to talking about it: so one evening I went to see George to ask him what he had learnt about Heitz's son.

It was after supper. Grédel, seeing me come in, slipped out into the kitchen, and my cousin said to me frankly: "Listen, Christian, here is the matter in two words — Grédel loves another."

"Whom?"

"Jean Baptiste Werner."

"Father Heitz's clerk! the son of the woodward Werner, who has never had anything but potatoes to eat? Is she in love with him? Let the wretch come — let him come and ask her! I'll kick him down the stairs! And does Grédel grieve me so? Oh! I should never have believed it of her!"

I could have cried.

"Come, Christian," said my cousin, "you must be reasonable."

"Reasonable! she deserves to have her neck wrung!"

I was in a fury; I wanted to lay hold of her. Happily, she had gone into the garden, and George held me back. He obliged me to sit down again, and said: "What is Mathias Heitz? a fat fool who knows nothing but how to play at cards and drink. He was put to college at Phalsbourg, at M. Verrot's, like all the other respectable young men in the district; but he now drives about in a char-à-banc in a flowered waistcoat and jingling seals; he could not possibly earn a couple of pence — and the old man would like to get rid of him by marrying him. I have obtained information about him. He may come in for from fifteen to twenty thousand francs some day; but what are fifteen thousand francs for an ass? He will eat them, he will drink them — perhaps he has already swallowed half — and if there is a family, what are fifteen or even twenty thousand francs between five or six children? Formerly, when girls used to have an outfit for a marriage portion, and the eldest son succeeded his father, things went on pretty well. It did not want much talent to carry on a well-established business, or to follow up a trade from father to son. But at the present day, mother-wit and good sense stand in the foremost ranks. Grandfather Heitz was an industrious man; he made money; but Father Mathias has never

added a sou to his property, and the son has not a grain of good sense."

"But the other fellow — why he has nothing at all."

"The other, Jean Baptiste Werner, is a good man, who has done his duty by Father Heitz; it is he who knows everything, who manages everything, who takes in orders, makes all the arrangements for the carriage of stone by carts or by railway. Heitz puts the money into his pocket, and Werner has all the work, for want of a little capital to set himself up in business. He has seen foreign service. I have seen his certificates of character in Africa, in Mexico. They are excellent. If I were in your place, I would give Grédel to him."

"Never!" cried I, thumping the table; "I had rather drown her."

Half the wine-glasses were shattered on the floor; but my cousin was not angry.

"Well, Christian," said he, "you are wrong. Think of it. Grédel will remain here. I will answer for her. You must not take her away at present. You would be quite capable of ill-treating her, and then you would repent of it."

"Let her stay as long as you like!" said I, taking my hat; "let her never darken my doors again." And I rushed out.

Never in my life had I been so angry and so grieved. At home I did not even dare to say what I had learnt; but Jacob suspected it, and one day, as Werner was stopping in front of the mill, he shook his pitchfork at him, shouting: "Come on!" But he pretended not to hear him, and went on his way.

I was at last, however, obliged to tell my wife the whole matter. At first she was near fainting; but she soon recovered, and said to me: "Well, if Grédel won't have young Mathias, we shall keep our hundred louis, and we shall have no need to hire a new servant. I should prefer that, for one cannot trust strange servants in a house."

"Yes; but how can we declare to Mathias Heitz that Grédel refuses his son?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, Christian," said she; "leave me alone, and don't let us quarrel with cousin George, that's the principal thing. I will say that Grédel is too young to be married; that is the proper thing to say, and nobody can answer that."

Catherine quieted me in this way; but this business was still racking my brain, when extraordinary things came to pass, which we were far from expecting, and

which were to turn our hair grey, and that of many others with us.

III.

ONE morning the secretary of the Sous-Préfet wrote to me to come to Sarrebourg. From time to time we used to receive orders, as magistrates, to go and give an account at the sous-préfecture of what was going on in our district.

I said to myself, immediately on receiving this letter from Secretary Gérard, that it was something about our Agricultural Society, which had not yet delivered the prizes gained by the ducks and the geese a few weeks before.

It was true that the Paris newspapers had for three days past been discussing a Prince of Hohenzollern, who had just been named King of Spain; but what could that signify to us at Rothalp, Illingen, Droulingen, and Henridorf, whether the King of Spain was called Hohenzollern or by any other name?

In my opinion, it could not be about that affair that Monsieur le Sous-Préfet wanted to talk to us, but about the old or a new Agricultural Society, or something at least which concerned us in particular. The idea of the parish road and the bells came also into my mind: perhaps that was the object we were sent for.

At last I took up my staff and started for Sarrebourg.

Arriving there, I found the whole length of the principal street crowded with mayors, police-inspectors, and *juges-de-paix*.^{*} Mother Adler's inn and all the little public-houses were so full that they could not have held another.

Then I said to myself, no doubt something quite new is in the wind: as, for instance, a fête like that when her Majesty the Empress and the Prince Imperial, three years before, passed through Nancy to celebrate the union of Lorraine with France. Thereupon I went to the sous-préfecture, where I found already several mayors of the neighbourhood talking at the door. They were discussing the price of corn, the dearth of cattle food; they were called in one after another.

In half an hour my turn came; Monsieur Christian Weber's name was called, and I entered with my hat in my hand.

Monsieur le Sous-Préfet and his secretary Gérard, with his pen stuck behind his ear, were seated there: the secretary began to mend his pen; and Monsieur le Sous-Préfet asked me what was going on in my part of the country?

^{*} Magistrates.

"In our country, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet? why, nothing at all. There is a great drought; no rain has fallen for six weeks; the potatoes are very small and"—

"I don't mean that, Monsieur le Marie; what do they think of the Prince Hohenzollern and the Crown of Spain?"

On hearing this, I scratched my head, saying to myself, "What will you answer to that now? What must you say?"

Then Monsieur le Sous-Préfet asked me:—"What is the spirit of your population?"

The spirit of our population? How could I get out of that?

"You see, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, in our villages the people are no scholars; they don't read the papers."

"But tell me, what do they think of the war?"

"What war?"

"If, now, we should have war with Germany, would those people be satisfied?"

Then I began to catch a glimpse of his meaning, and I said: "You know, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, that we have voted in the Plébiscite to have peace, because everybody likes trade and business and quietness at home; we only want to have work and . . ."

"Of course, of course, that is plain enough, we all want peace; H. M. the Emperor, H. M. the Empress, and everybody love peace! But if we are attacked, if Count Bismarck and the King of Prussia attack us?"

"Then, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, we shall be obliged to defend ourselves in the best way we can; by all sorts of means, with pitchforks, with sticks . . ."

"Put that down, Monsieur Gérard, write down those words. You are right, Monsieur le Maire: I felt sure of you beforehand," said Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, shaking hands with me: "you are a worthy man."

Tears came into my eyes. He came with me to the door, saying:—"The determination of your people is admirable; tell them so; tell them that we wish for peace; that our only thought is for peace; that his Majesty and their excellencies the Ministers want nothing but peace; but that France cannot endure the insults of an ambitious power. Communicate your own ardour to the village of Rothalp. Good, very good. *Au revoir*, Monsieur le Maire, farewell."

Then I went out, much astonished; another mayor took my place, and I thought, "What! does that Bismarck mean to attack us! Oh, the villain!"

But as yet I could tell neither why nor how.

I repaired to Mother Adler's where I ordered bread and cheese and a bottle of white wine, according to custom, before returning home; and there I heard all those gentlemen, the Government officials, the controllers, the tax-collectors, the judges, the receivers, &c., assembled in the public room, telling one another that the Prussians were going to invade us; that they had already taken half of Germany, and that they were wanting now to lay the Spaniards upon our back in order to take the rest; just as they had put Italy upon the back of the Austrians before Sadowa.

All the mayors present were of the same opinion; they had all answered that they would defend themselves, if we were attacked; for the Lorrainers and the Alsacians have never been behindhand in defending themselves. All the world knows that.

I went on listening; at last, having paid my bill, I started to return home.

I was out of Sarrebourg, and had walked for half-an-hour in the dust, reflecting upon what had just taken place, when I heard a conveyance coming at a rapid rate behind me. I turned round. It was cousin George upon his char-à-banc, at which I was much pleased.

"Is that you, cousin?" said he pulling up.

"Yes; I am just come from Sarrebourg, and I am not sorry to meet with you, for it is terribly warm."

"Well, up with you," said he. "You have had a great gathering to-day; I saw all the public-houses full."

I was up; I took my seat, and the conveyance went off again at a trot.

"Yes," said I; "it is a strange business; you would never guess why we have been sent for to the sous-préfecture."

"What for?"

Then I told him all about it; much excited against the villain Bismarck, who wanted to invade us and had just invented this Hohenzollern to drive us to extremities.

George listened. At last he said: "My poor Christian! the Sous-Préfet was quite right in calling you a worthy fellow; and all those other mayors that I saw down there, with their red noses, are worthy men; but do you know my opinion upon all those matters?"

"What do you think, George?"

"Well, my belief is, that they are leading you like a string of asses by the bridle. That Sous-Préfet will present his report to the Préfet, the Préfet to the Minister of

the Interior, Monsieur Chevandier de Valdrôme the organizer of the Plébiscite — he who told you to vote 'Yes' to have peace — and that Minister will present his report to the Emperor. They all know that the Emperor desires war, because he needs it for his dynasty."

"What! he wants war?"

"No doubt he does. In spite of all, forty-five thousand soldiers have voted against the Plébiscite. The army is turning round against the dynasty. There is no more promotion: medals, crosses, promotions were distributed in profusion at first, now all that has stopped; the inferior officers have no more hope of passing into the higher ranks, because the army is filled with nobles, with Jesuits from the schools of the Sacred College; in the Court calendars nothing is seen but *de's*. The soldiers who spring from the people begin to discern that they are being gradually extinguished. They are not in a pleasant temper. But war may put everything straight again: a few battles are wanted to throw light upon the malcontents; there must be a victory to crush the Republicans, for the Republicans are gaining confidence: they are lifting up their heads. After a victory, a few thousand of them can be sent to Lambessa and to Cayenne, just as after the Second of December. At the same time, the Jesuits will be placed at the head of the schools, as they were under Charles X., the Pope will be restored, Italy and Germany will be dismembered, and the dynasty will be placed on a strong foundation for twenty years. Every twenty years they will begin again, and the dynasty will send down deep roots. But war there must be."

"But what do you mean? It is Bismarck who is beginning it," said I; "it is he who is picking a German quarrel."

"Bismarck," replied my cousin, "is well acquainted with everything that is going on, and so are the very lowest workmen in Paris; but you, you know nothing at all. Your only talk is about potatoes and cabbages; your thoughts never go beyond this. You are kept in ignorance. You are, as it were, the dung of the Empire — the manure to fatten the dynasty. Bismarck is aware that our honest man wants war to temper his army afresh, and shut the mouths of those whose talk is of economy, liberty, honour, and justice; he knows that never will Prussia be so strong again as she is now — she already covers three-fourths of Germany; all the Germans will march at her side to fight

against France; they can put more than a million of men in the field in fifteen days, and they will be three or four against one; with such odds there is no need of genius, the war will go forward of itself — one is sure of crushing the enemy."

"But the Emperor must know that as well as you, George," said I; "therefore he will be for peace."

"No, he is relying upon his mitrailleuses: and then he wants his dynasty — and what does the rest matter to him? To establish his dynasty he took an oath before God and man to the Republic, and then he trampled upon his oath and the Republic; he brought destruction upon thousands of good men, who were defending the laws against him; he has enriched thousands of thieves who uphold him; he has corrupted our youth by the evil example of the prosperity of brigands, and the misfortunes of the well-disposed; he has brought low everything that was worthy of respect, he has exalted everything which calls for disgust and contempt. All the men who have approached this pestilence have been contaminated to the very marrow of their bones. You, Christian, you evidently cannot comprehend these abominable things; but the worst rogues in this country, the wildest vagabonds among your peasants, could never form an opinion of the villainy of this *honest man*; they are saints compared with him; at the very sight of him the heart of a true Frenchman rises within him; for the sake of his dynasty he would sell and sacrifice us all to the last man."

George, in uttering these words, was trembling with excitement; I saw that he was convinced to the bottom of his heart of what he said. Fortunately we were alone on the road, far from any village; no one could hear us.

"But that Hohenzollern," I said, after a few minutes' silence, "that Leopold Hohenzollern — is not he the cause of all that is going on?"

"No," said George; "if misfortunes come upon us, the *honest man* alone will be the cause of it. If you did but read a newspaper, you would see that the Spaniards wanted for their king, Montpensier, a son of Louis Philippe; that could only have turned out to our good; Montpensier would naturally have become the ally of France, but that was against the interests of the dynasty; the *honest man* threatened Spain: then the Spaniards nominated this Prussian prince in the place of Montpensier, a prince who could not stand alone, and whom a million of Germans would

support if necessary. They fixed upon him to annoy our gentleman: of course they had no need to ask for his advice. Did France consult any one? did she trouble herself about England, Spain, or Germany, when she proclaimed the Republic, or when she proclaimed Louis Bonaparte Emperor? Has he then a right to thrust his nose into their affairs? No — it is unpleasant for us, but the Spaniards were right; there was no need for them to put themselves out to please our *worthy man* and his fine family. And now — happen what may — I look no longer for peace; the Germans are withdrawing from our country in all directions — they are joining their regiments; the order has been given, and they obey: it is a bad sign. In all the villages that I have been passing through, and upon every road, I have seen these fine fellows, their bundles over their shoulders — they are off home!"

Thus spoke cousin George to me. I thought this was a little too bad; but, on arriving home, the first thing my wife said to me was, "Do you know that Frantz is going?"

"Our young man?"

"Yes, he wants his wages."

"Ah, indeed. Let him come here at the back, and we will have a talk."

I was much surprised: and I made him enter into my room at the bottom of the mill, where I keep my papers and my books. His cow-skin pack was already fastened upon his shoulder.

"Are you going away, Frantz? Have you anything to complain of?"

"No, nothing at all, Monsieur Weber. I am obliged to go; for I have received orders to join my regiment."

"Are you a soldier, then?"

"Yes, in the *landwehr*. We are all soldiers in Germany."

"But if you liked to stay here, who would come and fetch you?"

"That is an impossibility, M. Weber. I should be declared a deserter. I could never return home again. They would take away all my property present and to come; my brothers and sisters would come in for it."

"Ah, that is a different thing! Now I understand. There — there's your certificate of character."

I had written a good certificate for him, for he was a good workman. I paid him what I owed him to the last farthing and wished him a prosperous journey.

Cousin George was right: those Germans were all moving homewards. You

would never have thought there were so many in the country: some had passed themselves off for Swiss, some for Luxemburgers; others had quite settled down, and no one would ever have suspected that they owed two or three more years' service to their country. This gave rise to disputes. Those whose situations they had taken, and who bore ill-will against them, fell upon them; the *gendarmérie* beat up the mountains: things were taking an ugly turn.

It was in vain that I affirmed at the mayoralty-house that the Emperor breathed only peace; as the *Gazettes* of the *préfecture* talked of nothing but the insults we had had to endure, the ambition of Prussia, revenge for Sadowa, the Catholic nations who were going to declare *en masse* in our favour, and all the powers which maintained the justice of our cause, the enthusiasm for war grew higher and higher day by day; especially that of the pedlars, the tinkers, the small dealers, and all those good fellows who come out of the prisons, and who are continually seeking for work without finding any; but they do find walls to get over, doors to break in, cupboards to plunder. All these excellent people declared that it was for the honour of France to make war upon Germany.

And then the Paris newspapers in the pay of the Government, as we have more recently learnt, continued arriving and circulating gratis, saying that our ambassador Benedetti had gone to see Frederick William at the Waters of Ems, to entreat him not to precipitate us into the horrors of war, that he had answered that all that was nothing to him, that his cousin Leopold of Hohenzollern had only consulted him out of respect as the head of the family; that he was too good a relation to advise him not to accept so good a windfall, which was coming down to him out of the clouds.

Then, indeed, did the indignation of the *Gazettes* burst upon the Germans. They must, by all means, be brought to their senses! Now, fancy the position of a mayor, who only two months before had made all his village vote in the *Plébiscite*, promising them peace, and who saw clearly at last how they had only made use of him as a tool to dupe his people. I dared no longer look my cousin in the face, for he had warned me of the thing; and now I knew what to think of the honourable members of the Government.

Affairs were going on so badly that war seemed imminent, when one fine morning

we learnt that Hohenzollern had waived his right to be King of Spain. Ah! now we were out of the mess; now we could breathe more freely. That day my cousin himself was smiling; he came to the mill and said to me: "The Emperor and his ministers, his *préfets* and *sous-préfets* have not such long noses after all! How well things were going on too! And now they will be obliged to wait for another opportunity to begin. How they must feel sold!

We both laughed with delight.

More than twenty-five of the principal inhabitants came that day to shake hands with me at the mayoralty-house. It was concluded that his excellency, Monsieur Emile Ollivier, would never be able to tinker this war again, and that peace would be preserved in spite of him, in spite of the Emperor, in spite of Marshal Lebœuf, who had declared to the Senate that *we were really—five times ready, and that during the whole campaign we should never be short of so much as a gaiter button.*

Hohenzollern was praised up to the skies for having shown good sense for everybody; and as the reserves had been called out, many young men were glad to be able to remain in the bosom of their families.

In a word, it was concluded that the whole affair was at an end; when our good man and his honourable Minister informed us that we had begun to rejoice too soon. All at once, the report ran that Frederick William had shown our ambassador the door, saying something so terribly strong against the honour of his Majesty Napoleon III., that nobody dared repeat it. It appears that his Majesty the Emperor, seeing that the King of Prussia had withdrawn his authorization from the Prince of Hohenzollern to accept the crown of Spain, had not been satisfied with that; and that he had given orders to his ambassador to demand, furthermore, his renunciation of any crown whatever that the Spaniards might offer him in all time to come—for himself or his family; and that this King, who does not enjoy at all times the best of tempers, had said something very strong touching our honest man.

That day I was at the mayoralty-house about eleven o'clock. I had just celebrated the marriage of André Fix with Haan's daughter, and the wedding-party had started for church, when the postman Michel comes in and throws down the little *Moniteur* upon the table. Then I sat down to read about the great battle in the

Legislative Chambers, fought by Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Glais-Bizoin, and others, against the Ministers, in defence of peace.

It was magnificent. But this had not prevented the majority, appointed to do everything, from declaring war against the Germans, on account of what the King of Prussia had said.

What could he then have said? His excellency Emile Ollivier has never dared to repeat it! My cousin George declared that he had said something that was right, and naturally very unpleasant; but it is known now by the reports of our ambassador that the King of Prussia had said *nothing at all*, and that the indignation of M. Ollivier was nothing but a disgraceful sham to deceive the Chambers, and make them vote for war.

Well, this is the commencement of our calamities; and, for my part, I find that this did not furnish a cheerful prospect. No! After having endured such miseries, it is not pleasant to remember that we owe them all to M. Emile Ollivier, to Monsieur Lebeuf, to Monsieur Bonaparte, and to other men of that stamp, who are living at this moment comfortably in their country-houses in Italy, in Switzerland, in England, whilst so many unhappy creatures have had their lives sacrificed, have been utterly ruined, have lost father, children, and friends, and we Alsacians and Lorrainers more than all that—our own Fatherland!

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE DECEMBER ECLIPSE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE eclipse of this month occupies a somewhat exceptional position. It is the last of a series of important total eclipses of the sun following each other at comparatively short intervals, and each (thus far) distinguished by some noteworthy accession to our knowledge. Between the eclipse of June, 1830, and that of August, 1838, very little was added to our information respecting those solar phenomena which are visible during total eclipses. Of course the sun was totally eclipsed more than once during that interval, but either the circumstances of such eclipses were unfavourable, or else the regions where they could be viewed were so situated as to preclude the possibility of forming well-organized observing parties. The great Indian eclipse of August, 1838,

terminated this long period of inaction. Then came the important American eclipse of August, 1869; and next, the so-called Mediterranean eclipse of December, 1870. During all these eclipses very striking discoveries were made. It remains to be seen whether the eclipse of the present month will supply the means of so supplementing those discoveries as to satisfy the craving minds of astronomers during the next twenty-eight months. It is in any case certain that during the interval just named no eclipses will occur which will be worth the trouble of observing in the systematic and expensive manner justified by the circumstances of the recent eclipses.

My present purpose is chiefly to indicate the nature of the hopes entertained by astronomers respecting the approaching eclipse, as well as the position to which the observation of the eclipsed sun has already led the students of solar physics. But the opportunity is a favourable one for a brief consideration of the laws according to which solar eclipses succeed each other.

We are apt to regard the prediction of eclipses, and eclipses generally, as among the most mysterious of all the subjects with which astronomers have to deal, and in one view of the matter this is not very far from the truth. Certainly the processes by which the exact circumstances of eclipses are determined years before they occur, are among the most surprising developments of the powers of the human mind which the whole body of science makes us acquainted with. But the general laws of eclipses are not particularly abstruse—certainly not so abstruse as to account for the perplexity with which the subject is very commonly regarded.

I am inclined sometimes to think that our books on astronomy are not always strictly fair to their readers. Something must always be taken for granted in popular treatises, while other matters are selected for special consideration. But it seems to me, with all deference to the authors of our original treatises on astronomy, that they sometimes discuss far too thoroughly certain matters which the general reader cares very little about, while, on the other hand, they occasionally take for granted and leave unexplained just those matters which the student is best able, as well as most anxious, to comprehend.

Eclipses certainly seem to me to be a case in point. There is something amusing—so at least I conceive—in the elab-

orate care with which the student of the noblest of all sciences is informed that an opaque body can cast a shadow, and that this shadow will have such and such characteristics. I am not here speaking of elementary treatises. It is reasonable enough, perhaps, in a first book for children to explain that "when the moon stops the sun's light its shadow falls on a part of the earth," and that the "people who live on that particular part of the earth where the shadow falls cannot see the sun because the moon is in the way." This is very pleasing and instructive for very small people; but when in treatises of a higher class the student is gravely informed of these things, as though they involved entirely new and striking conceptions, the idea is suggested that astronomers think but lightly of the capacity of those who chance not to have made astronomy their chief subject of inquiry.

On the other hand, the points about which most readers would care to hear something are commonly left untouched. Scarcely any reader of the usual explanation of eclipses fails to feel interested in the question of the laws according to which the moon comes between the sun and the earth, or the earth between the sun and the moon. The student feels that it may be very well to show him the consequences which follow when these bodies assume particular positions; but that he would also like to know a little about the causes of their becoming so placed as well as of the laws according to which the sequence of such events is determined.

We are thus led to a mode of considering the subject which is very generally useful in the study of astronomy. I cannot, indeed, too earnestly recommend the student of the science to employ this method at every opportunity. It consists in imagining oneself placed at some suitable standpoint whence all the movements of such and such celestial bodies may be watched.

In this case, the proper standpoint is the sun himself, and the bodies to be watched in imagination are the earth and moon. The student must picture to himself this earth on which we live, as a small globe circling around his standpoint once in a year. He must conceive this globe as no larger in appearance than any one of the planets as seen from the earth. He would, indeed, require a good telescope to see the earth (from his place on the sun) actually as a globe. Now let him further conceive that around this small globe a much smaller orb is circling

once in rather more than four weeks; but that the direction in which he looks at the circular path of the smaller orb is always such that this orb seems to travel backwards and forwards across or close past the larger one. To show exactly how long this path would look as seen from the sun, as well as to illustrate other points of interest connected with this explanation, the following process may be employed. Let the reader draw a circle ten and three-quarter inches in diameter to represent the sun or moon as we see these orbs. At the centre of this circle draw a small one, one-tenth of an inch in diameter; this will represent the earth as seen from the sun. Three inches from this small circle set another, a fortieth of an inch in diameter; this will represent the moon as seen from the sun when at her greatest range of distance from the earth. Exactly on the opposite side of the little circle representing the earth, and three inches from that circle, set another little picture of the moon; this represents the moon as seen from the sun when at her greatest range of distance from the earth on the other side. The observer in the sun would see the moon pass backwards and forwards from one position to the other in rather more than four weeks. In thus moving backwards and forwards the moon passes always close (in appearance) to the earth, but sometimes closer than at others, and sometimes right across or right behind the earth's face. The path, in fact, opens out into an oval whose greatest width, on our scale, is slightly more than five-tenths of an inch, then closes up, then opens out to the same degree, only tilted the other way, then closes up again, and so on continually, while the earth all the time is circling round the observer's standpoint once in a year, and the moon round her path (thus varying in aspect) * once in twenty-nine and a half days. Speaking roughly, we may say that once a fortnight the imagined observer in the sun would see the moon crossing the earth's place. He would *always* see the moon close to the

* Of course the path is not a real entity, and could not therefore be seen, as supposed. It is convenient, however, to regard it as such. We may thus compare it to the outer rim of Saturn's ring-system; and precisely as we see that ring-system closing up and opening out systematically in the course of about twenty-nine years, so certainly an observer on the sun, watching our moon's course, would find her path opening out and closing up systematically in the course of eleven months eleven days, the seeming length of the path remaining appreciably unchanged, and about equal to three-fifths of the seeming diameter of the sun as seen from the earth.

earth, since we have seen that the whole length of the moon's path, as seen from the sun, is much less than the breadth of the sun's globe as we see it; but twice in a month the moon would be *very* close by the earth.

Now our observer in the sun would see that the moon's path passed from its greatest opening to a seeming line, and thence to its greatest opening again (but with opposite tilt) in five months and about three weeks; passing back to a seeming line and to its original opening again, in all respects as at first, in the same time. Eleven months and eleven days complete the whole set of changes. When the path seemed most open the moon would not at any time actually cross the earth's face, or pass actually behind it. In other words, the moon would neither hide any part of the earth from the sun nor be hidden by the earth. Hiding any parts of the earth from the sun means obviously eclipsing the sun as viewed from those parts of the earth; while to say the moon is hidden from the sun by the earth means (no less obviously) that the moon is thrown into shadow, or eclipsed. So that when the moon's path, as seen from the sun, is most open—forming then a long oval—there can be no eclipses either of the sun or moon. But when this path has in appearance closed up to a line, or nearly to a line, the moon can no longer pass by the earth (as viewed from the sun) without actually crossing the earth's disc or passing actually behind that disc. So long as this state of things lasts there must be an eclipse whenever the moon's backward and forward motion carries her past the earth. We have seen that the moon's path has this aspect, or is closed up into a straight line, as seen from the sun, at intervals of about five months and three weeks. For rather more than a month the path is sufficiently closed for eclipses to occur. I have suggested for these occasions the title of "eclipse months." To show how they succeed each other, take the following illustrative instance:—Let January in any year be an eclipse month, the middle of January being the time when the moon's path appears closed up into a line as seen from the sun. Then five months and three weeks later, or about the 6th of July, the path is again closed up into a line as seen from the sun; and a period of rather more than a month, having this date for its middle—or from about June 22 to about July 23—is again an "eclipse month." Passing on from July 6, we

reach in five months and three weeks, the date December 27, which is the middle of the next "eclipse month." And so on continually.

Other matters connected with the recurrence and peculiarities of these "eclipse months" belong, or should belong, to treatises on astronomy. What has been said above suffices for my present purpose,—which is to explain the sequence of the late eclipses. It will be observed that about eleven months and eleven days separate an eclipse month in one year from the corresponding eclipse month in the next. We thus see why the great Indian eclipse of August, 1868, had its analogues, so to speak, in the total eclipse of August 29, in the preceding year, and in the American eclipse of August 7, 1869. These three eclipses, occurring eleven days earlier in each succeeding year, were all three total. But the series did not end with the eclipse of August, 1869. On July 27, 1870 (again eleven days earlier) there was an eclipse of the sun. It was, however, only a partial one, and closed the series.

Now the eclipse of the present month belongs to another series. It will be remembered by every one that there was an eclipse on December 22, last year; that eclipse was the first of the series to which the approaching eclipse belongs. This series, like the former, includes four eclipses. Last December the moon as seen from the sun crossed the earth's face near its northern edge. In the eclipse of Tuesday, December 12, the moon, as supposed to be seen from the sun, will pass slightly to the north of the middle point of the earth's face.* Thus the eclipse will be more important than that of last year, and the length of the actual track of the moon's shadow considerably greater. The third eclipse of the series will occur on November 30, 1872. In one respect it will be one of the most remarkable ever recorded; for it must be described as at once an annular and a total eclipse of the sun. This is readily explained, though the occurrence is altogether exceptional.

* It is a singular circumstance that the earth will present almost exactly the same face towards the sun at the moment of central eclipse on the 12th inst., as at the middle of the transit of Venus, on December 8, 1874. The fifteen pictures of the rotating earth, in Plate VIII. of my treatise on the sun, illustrate the approaching eclipse as exactly as though drawn for the purpose. The first shows the earth's face as seen from the sun just before the moon's passage begins; the next thirteen show the earth's face at successive intervals of a quarter of an hour during the progress of the eclipse; and the last shows the earth's face as seen from the sun just after the moon has passed off that face.

The reader is aware that the point of the moon's conical shadow sometimes extends beyond and sometimes falls short of the earth. In the former case an eclipse is total, in the latter it is annular. But in the eclipse of November 30, 1872, the apex of the shadow falls short of the earth's surface at the beginning of the eclipse; it encounters the earth as the shadow-track passed onward towards the bulging central part of the earth's illuminated hemisphere; and presently, towards the close of the eclipse, falls again short of the earth's surface. So that there are two points on the earth's surface where, on November 30, 1872, the eclipse will be exactly total, the moon just hiding the sun and no more, and only for a single instant. The totality will nowhere last more than about three-quarters of a minute; and as the place where this will happen lies very far south in the Pacific Ocean, it is not likely that any observer will witness this eclipse. It is, however, the most considerable solar eclipse of the year 1872. The last eclipse of the series occurs on November 19, 1873, and, like the last of the former series, it is altogether unimportant. The moon, as supposed to be seen from the sun, will just graze the most southerly part of the earth's disc. "The circumstances of the eclipse are such," says the *Nautical Almanac*, "that a map has not been considered requisite." There will be no total solar eclipse at all in 1873.

Not until April 16, 1874, will any total eclipse worth observing take place, after the eclipse of the present month. Nor are the circumstances of the eclipse of 1874 such as to encourage favourable hopes that much will be learned during its progress. On April 6, 1875, there will be, I believe, a much more important eclipse visible (as I judge from a rough calculation) in America; but I shall probably be excused from entering into an exact calculation of its circumstances, more especially as the *Nautical Almanac* for 1875 will, I believe, be published before this essay appears.

It will be inferred that a considerable degree of interest is attached by astronomers to the eclipse of the present month, followed as it will be by two years and four months during which there will be no solar eclipses worthy of special observation.

Although the eclipse of the 12th inst. is not nearly so favourable for observational purposes as the great Indian eclipse of 1868, yet there is a considerable variety as respects the choice of stations. In fact there are no less than four distinct sec-

tions of the moon's shadow-track to which it has been judged advisable to send observers. The track crosses the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula, and along this part of its course there will probably be several observing parties, the arrangements being superintended by Mr. Pogson, the Government Astronomer at Madras, and by Colonel Tenant and Captain Herschel, both known to fame through their observations during the great eclipse of 1868. Thence the shadow-track passes to the northern part of Ceylon, and along this part of its course the English eclipse expedition will be stationed. It will probably be in the remembrance of most of my readers that the English Government granted (several months back) the sum of £2,000, as well as transport and the means of camping, for an expedition to Ceylon. It was hoped that Professor Stokes would have been able to take charge of this expedition; but these hopes were disappointed. Mr. Lockyer, however, has been able to give his services, and doubtless the expedition will be a highly effective one. The shadow-track passes from Ceylon to Java, where a French party under M. Janssen will be stationed. Lastly, the shadow-track passes to the northern part of the Australian continent, and a strong observing party has proceeded from Sydney and Melbourne to the stations along this part of the shadow's course.

The totality will last longest in North Australia, where its duration will be more than four minutes, or nearly two minutes longer than the duration of the eclipse of last year at the best stations. In Java the totality will last more than three minutes. In Ceylon the duration of totality will barely exceed by a few seconds the duration of totality last December. A somewhat curious mistake was made on this point in a scientific journal. Mr. Hind, in his first and comparatively rough estimate of the course traversed by the moon's shadow, had placed Trincomalee on the border of the track, so that the duration of totality at Trincomalee would have been very short. But after his final and more elaborate calculation, he set Trincomalee close to the centre of the shadow-track, with a duration of total obscuration amounting to two and a half minutes. Strangely enough the increase of the estimated duration was alone noticed by the writer of an article in *Nature* and it was reasoned that since the duration is so considerable at Trincomalee on the border of the track, it must be very

much greater at places on the centre of the track. I need scarcely point out that this inference was unwarranted. In fact the duration of totality can never under any circumstances be considerable for places close to the border of the shadow-track.* In southern India the eclipse will last about as long as the eclipse of last year at the best stations.

It cannot be doubted that the observers this year will have a much more difficult task than those who have added so importantly to our knowledge during the eclipses of the last three years. This will appear on a brief consideration of the progress and present position of the problem with which the observers are to deal.

In 1868, the observers of the great Indian eclipse discovered that the solar prominences are vast masses of glowing vapour, hydrogen being the chief constituent of these marvellous objects. But the solar corona, that glory of light which appears around and beyond the coloured prominences, did not at that time receive its interpretation. In 1869, the American observers directed their chief attention to this beautiful phenomenon; and they were singularly successful in their observations. One result of a very remarkable character was obtained by several observers. The light of the corona when analyzed in the spectroscope was found to be in large part monochromatic, the coronal spectrum showing one bright line. Now the reader is doubtless aware that in spectrum analysis the essential point is to determine where any bright or dark lines may lie along the range of that rainbow-tinted streak which we call the solar spectrum. In this instance the position of the bright line has been most satisfactorily determined by a very skilful spectroscopist, Professor Young, of America. The line agrees in position with one of the lines in the spectrum of iron, a line also seen in the spectrum of the aurora borealis. But the spectrum of iron contains upwards of 400 lines, while even the simpler spectrum of the aurora contains several lines; that of the corona, on the other hand, has not been *proved* to contain any other bright lines except the one just mentioned. Others have been suspected, but the degree of their brightness has not been such as to prove beyond all possibility of question that they belong to the solar corona.

* A somewhat similar mistake occurred last year, whereby the Sicilian eclipse party formed too sanguine expectations of the duration of totality in that island.

However, as Professor Young remarks on this point (writing in 1871), "considered as a demonstration of self-luminosity one bright line is just as conclusive as many."

It was in fact demonstrated by this observation alone that the corona, for a considerable part at least of its extension, is a self-luminous object. "Nor can there be any doubt," we may add with Professor Young, "as to the location of the self-luminous matter. It cannot be in our atmosphere, for no possible reason can be assigned why the particular molecules of the air that happen to lie near the lines which join the eye of the observer with the edge of the moon should become luminous rather than others in a different portion of the sky. Nor can it be at the moon; otherwise, of course, it would always be visible round her disc." "Accordingly," he adds, "it is now universally, I think I may say, acknowledged that *one important element of the corona consists of a solar envelope of glowing gas reaching to a considerable elevation*. Mr. Lockyer, who is still disposed to assign to the solar element of the corona a lower relative importance than most other astronomers, concedes a thickness of from six to ten minutes"—that is from a fifth to a third of the solar diameter.

This, as I have said, was written by Professor Young in 1871, but before a certain most important fact had come to his knowledge, which without at all affecting what he here puts forward, renders it possible to say much more as to the real extension of the corona.

We have seen that a certain object, surrounding the sun on all sides to a distance of from 160,000 miles to 290,000 miles from his surface, is demonstrably a self-luminous envelope. It was to this envelope, or perhaps rather to its brighter portion as seen from the earth, that some proposed to assign the barbarous name "*leucosphere*," to distinguish it from the bright layer of prominence-matter close by the sun, which is called the *sierra*, or *chromatosphere*. But the visible extension of the corona is greater yet, and before the eclipse of 1870 doubts still existed as to the actual extent of that solar corona, which all had now begun to recognize as a real entity. That some portion of the light seen around the sun during total eclipse is in reality only due to the illumination of our own atmosphere is altogether beyond question. It is true, indeed, as was pointed out by Professors Young and Harkness, Dr. Curtis, and my-

self, that none of the coronal light for several degrees from the sun's place, can be solar light reflected by our atmosphere, as had been mistakenly supposed; but it is no less certain that our atmosphere is illuminated not merely in directions lying close up to the moon's edge, but even towards the body of the moon herself, by the light of the coloured prominences and of the real solar corona. The observer himself sees these luminous objects during totality, and therefore the air all round him must be illuminated by them.*

Now here a question of extreme delicacy arises. The true solar corona undoubtedly grows fainter and fainter with increased extension from the sun. That is, if we could see the corona from some point raised above the earth's atmosphere, so that no terrestrial illumination could deceive us, we should see the corona gradually diminishing in lustre with distance from the sun, until at last it became too faint to be discerned at all. On the contrary, the illumination of our atmosphere during totality must necessarily increase with distance from the direction of the eclipsed sun. This is obvious, because those molecules of the air which lie directly towards the moon's place are themselves suffering total eclipse from the sun's direct light, and are illuminated by a rather less proportion of prominence and coronal light than the observer himself, whereas those molecules which lie in directions far removed from the place of the eclipsed sun are suffering either but a partial eclipse, or else, though their eclipse be total, they are yet illuminated by more lustrous portions of the corona and prominence-matter. So that so far as atmospheric glare alone is concerned, we should have, as I wrote in March, 1870, a relatively "dark region around the eclipsed sun and a gradual increase of light with distance from him."

* One cannot but be surprised at the stress which was laid by some soon after the eclipse of last December, on the fact that even directly towards the moon's place, light was received which the spectro-scope showed to be similar in character to that of the bright inner portion of the corona. Not only was the fact dwelt on repeatedly as a proof that the corona lies on *our* side of the moon, but it was commended to my own special attention as a proof that I had been mistaken in urging before the eclipse of 1870 that the corona is demonstrably a solar appendage. In the very paper in which I urged this view before the Royal Astronomical Society, on March 11, 1870, I pointed out that our air must be illuminated towards the moon's place by the light of all the visible solar appendages—as the prominences, chromosphere, and corona—as well as by reflected earth-light. My words were sufficiently distinct. They ran as follows:—"The light from all these sources should extend over the moon's disc, since it would illuminate the air between the observer and the moon's body."

The question which arises here, then, is this—at what distance from the eclipsed sun has the light of the solar corona so diminished, and that of the atmospheric glare so increased, that the latter light predominates over the former. This question is not only exceedingly nice, but, as actually stated, it is wholly unanswerable, unless as a matter of fact the real solar corona has definite limits, recognizable perhaps by more refined methods of observation than have yet been applied.

But although it is unlikely that the utmost actual extension of the corona can be determined by means of such appliances as are at present available, yet it was possible last December to demonstrate the extension of the corona to a distance far exceeding the six or ten minutes acknowledged by those who had once sought to reason away the corona almost wholly. It is clear that if any definite coronal feature extending more than ten minutes from the place of the eclipsed sun, could be seen at stations far apart, then beyond all question that feature would be shewn to be extra terrestrial. For instance, it could not possibly be imagined that some peculiarity in the air over Syracuse could reproduce a feature of this sort precisely as it appeared to the observers near Xerez, owing to a peculiarity of the air over this station.

Now, soon after the eclipse occurred, it was announced that the observers in Spain had recognized a peculiar gap, shaped like a letter V, in the lower portion of the corona—on the left hand. This gap was pictured and described to me by my friend, Mr. W. H. H. Hudson, M.A., and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, before any of the other accounts had come under my notice; and it was with some interest that I awaited the January meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, before which the records of the observers in Spain were to be presented. At that meeting a picture was exhibited by Lieutenant Brown, in which this V-shaped gap was a very prominent feature. But in the discussion which ensued after Lieutenant Brown's paper had been read, Mr. Hudson remarked that the gap had seemed somewhat larger to him,—on which Lieutenant Brown admitted that perhaps the size of the gap had not been quite adequately presented in his drawing.

After the meeting a photograph, taken during the eclipse by Mr. Willard, of America, was shown to a few of those present. Why the picture was not exhibited and described at the meeting itself I

do not know. Probably the description was reserved for American societies. But whatever the cause, it is certain that if the picture had been shown earlier, some doubts which were expressed respecting the real nature of the corona would have been obviated. For there, in the photograph, and occupying the precise position described to me much earlier by Mr. Hudson, and publicly described and pictured by Lieutenant Brown and others, was this V-shaped gap.

Mr. Willard's photograph was taken at a station near Xerez, so that all that has hitherto been said relates to Spanish observations. To complete this portion of the evidence, I quote the following passage from an interesting account of the eclipse by one of the observers in Spain. It is extracted from the *English Mechanic* for January 27, 1871. "The corona proper, or glory, or radiated corona—as it is variously called—extended a distance of almost the moon's diameter from the moon's edge, but not equally in every direction. It had a greater extension in four directions, at the extremities of two diameters at right angles to each other, so as to give it the shape, roughly speaking, of a square with rounded corners. It was broken in parts, and notably by one decided V-shaped gap. This was observed, not only by one party, but at three stations, San Antonio, Xeres, and La Maria Louisa, which form a triangle, each of whose sides is five or six miles in length."

But in the meantime news had been received from Sicily which conveyed the unpleasant impression that the observations there had been all but complete failures. In particular it was supposed that Mr. Brothers, who had the management of the photographic department there, had been unable to obtain any useful results,—since no mention had yet been made of his success. I was indeed as much surprised as pleased, when I received a letter from him announcing that he had secured five photographs of the corona, in one of which the corona appeared "as it had never been seen on glass before." It will be conceived that I awaited with great interest even the first rough sketch of the corona as there pictured. If the V-shaped gap appeared in such sketch, the conclusion would be inevitable that a real solar appendage exists having an extension at least equal to that indicated by the bounding edges of the gap—that is, an extension of at least 600,000 miles. If, on the other hand, that well-marked peculiarity failed to present itself, the inference would

be that it does not exist in the photograph, and that, therefore, the seeming gap was due to some peculiarity of the atmospheric illumination at the Spanish stations. It would not, in this case, be by any means demonstrated that the sun has no appendage reaching so far as five or six hundred thousand miles from the sun's surface, but it would be quite certain that the evidence given by the V-shaped gap could not be accepted as demonstrative or even trustworthy. The presence of the V-shaped gap in Mr. Brothers's photograph would supply an argument positive and final; its absence would supply a negative argument, proving nothing however, and leaving the matter much where it stood before the eclipse took place.

The first sketch I received was contained in a hasty note from Mr. Brothers, written soon after his arrival in England. I was surprised, and, to say the truth, somewhat disappointed, to find that the V-shaped gap was *not* shown, as in the Spanish pictures. There were several gaps, but not one in the lower left-hand portion of the corona. But in the next letter which I received, Mr. Brothers intimated that the sketch was only intended to show the general aspect of the corona—to show its radiated structure,—and that in fact he had not copied the sketch from the photograph, the negative not being as yet unpacked. Some days elapsed before a drawing made from the photograph was sent to me. In this drawing the V-shaped gap was not only presented in the same place as in the Spanish views, but, as in them, it formed the most remarkable feature of the corona. Soon after, photographs taken directly from Mr. Brothers's negative were in the hands of all who took interest in the subject, and there—pictured by the corona itself—was the gap on which so much was held to depend. All possibility of mistake as to the reality of the agreement between this gap and the gap shown in the American photograph was removed by the circumstance that two other gaps, less marked but still recognizable, appeared in both photographs.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this V-shaped gap, because it is in reality of extreme importance. On no former occasion had any distinctive feature of the corona been unmistakably recognized at stations far apart. It happened strangely that on the first occasion upon which the corona was successfully photographed, a very remarkable and characteristic peculiarity was presented by the corona. Favourable as are the circumstances of the

approaching eclipse, it is not by any means certain that the photographs taken at distant stations will be so well suited for comparison as those taken during the eclipse of last year. So that it is well to set store by the great fact which was established by the observers of the latter eclipse. The following words, taken from a letter addressed to Mr. Brothers by Sir John Herschel, serve to indicate the importance which he attached to the photographic records of the V-shaped gap:—"Assuredly," he wrote, "the decidedly marked notch or bay in both photographs" (those taken at Cadiz and Syracuse) "agreeing so perfectly in situation (marked so definitely by its occurrence just opposite the middle point between two unmistakable red prominences) is evidence not to be refused, of its extra-atmospheric origin.* . . . A terrestrial atmospheric origin is quite out of the question."

And here, in passing, I may venture to note as somewhat surprising—in the presence of such an opinion, announced publicly before the highest astronomical tribunal of this kingdom—the statement made by the President of the last meeting of the British Association, that the observations during the eclipse of 1870 proved the terrestrial atmospheric origin of at least the principal portion of the coronal light. Even if we rejected the positive evidence obtained during that eclipse, and even if we regarded Herschel's opinion as of no weight whatever, it would still be impossible to point to a single fact discovered last December which tended to confirm the atmospheric theory. Facts were noticed then, as facts have been noticed before, which at a first view seem to suggest a terrestrial origin of the coronal phenomena; but undoubtedly none of those facts were novel. Every circumstance that was new to astronomers was in favour of the extra-terrestrial origin,

* The omitted words relate to the absence of any signs which could show the corona to be a phenomenon produced within the space separating the earth from the moon. On this point, further, I may remark that I had occasion to submit to Sir John Herschel certain considerations relating to a theory that the radiations of the corona are produced by the passage of the solar rays past the moon's edge, through dispersed meteoric matter between the earth and the moon. I submitted, amongst other matters, this question to the great astronomer—Whether the light due to the illumination of this dispersed matter would not be altogether inferior in amount to the light received from the illumination of similar matter lying beyond the moon, up to and beyond the sun's place? His reply was, as I had fully expected, that undoubtedly this consideration (which he had not before noticed) rendered the lunar theory of the corona altogether untenable.

which, as we have seen, Sir John Herschel regarded as demonstrated. It is at least unfortunate that in thus summing up the results of the costly eclipse expedition of December, 1870, Sir W. Thomson did not mention what particular discovery then made seemed to his judgment to demonstrate the terrestrial origin (in the main) of the coronal phenomena. One can understand why Professor Tait, after hearing a lecture on the general subject of solar eclipses, should have remarked that what he had just heard convinced him that the corona was of terrestrial origin; for a variety of eclipse phenomena seem at a first view to suggest the atmospheric theory as the only available explanation. Moreover there can be no question that some of the most striking phenomena presented at the beginning and towards the close of totality, are actually due to the illumination of our atmosphere at those epochs by departing rays or returning rays of direct sunlight. After a lecture chiefly devoted to the consideration of precisely such phenomena as these, and illustrated by striking pictures of such phenomena, the opinion might well be formed that the chief part of the coronal radiance is simply atmospheric. It is only on a complete survey of the subject, and especially of the evidence relating to the corona as seen in the heart of the totality, that the immense weight of evidence in favour of the real existence of the corona as a solar appendage of amazing extent is clearly recognized. But so far as could be judged by the report, Sir W. Thomson's expression of opinion related solely to the new results—the discoveries, in fact—effected last December; and it is perplexing in the extreme to hear these results described as demonstrating the atmospheric origin of the chief portion of the corona.

The only new fact which seems in the least to countenance this remarkable statement, is the circumstance that the light received from the direction in which the moon's dark disc lay, was found, when analyzed by the spectroscope, to resemble the light received from the corona. At first sight this seems to show that the corona itself is an atmospheric phenomenon. For certainly the light received from the direction of the moon's dark disc cannot come directly from a solar appendage. And as great stress was laid on this circumstance by some, unfamiliar with what was to be expected when this light came to be examined, it seems just possible that Sir W. Thomson may have been guided by their strongly-expressed opinion.

But as a matter of fact no other result could have been expected. I had myself pointed out in March, 1870, that reflected light of precisely the observed nature, must be received from the moon's direction. The air above and around the observer—including necessarily that lying towards the moon's disc—must needs be illuminated by the same coronal glory which the observer gazes upon with such wonder during totality; and the light of that atmosphere, so illuminated, must present the same characteristics as the direct light of the corona, precisely as the light of the sky when examined with the spectroscope shows the same dark lines as the direct light of the sun.

We have only to remember, however, that the moon looks so dark during totality as to seem perfectly black, to see how very small a part atmospheric illumination can have in producing the coronal phenomena. The light received from the direction of the moon's disc must be at least as strong as any atmospheric illumination within the region occupied by the coronal glory; for this illumination if we could see it alone, would be nearly uniform, while where the moon is, we receive (over and above the atmospheric illumination) no inconsiderable amount of what astronomers call earth-light. The moon's surface, at the moment of a total eclipse, is illuminated by the earth some twelve times more brightly than the earth's surface in full moonlight. If we look at a distant hill (not forest-covered) bathed in the light of the full moon, we see that it is appreciably luminous—brighter certainly, in appearance, than the dark looking disc of the moon during an eclipse. Yet the moon's disc during eclipse, is twelve times as luminous, at least; and if all other light could be removed, we should see the moon at that time as a disc illuminated with no inconsiderable degree of brightness. Since the moon actually looks almost black—though this reflected light is reinforced by the atmospheric illumination—we cannot but admit that the atmospheric illumination alone must be very inconsiderable compared with the light even of the outer parts of the corona, which, though faint, seem by no means black.

Professor Young, of America, has reasoned similarly on this point. "Some influence," he says, "our atmosphere must, of course, have; but remembering how much the inner portion of the coronal ring exceeds in brightness the outer, it would seem that the illumination of the

lunar disc must give us an exaggerated measure of the true atmospheric effect. This illumination makes the edge of the moon only enough brighter than the centre to give it the appearance of a globe but of almost inky blackness." Dr. Balfour Stewart, also, in a letter addressed to Mr. Brothers, points out very clearly how insignificant relatively must be the atmospheric illumination. "The light which reaches us in a total eclipse from the centre of the moon's disc, and which may be partly due to earth-light reflected from the moon, may be safely taken as somewhat exceeding that which can possibly be due to atmospheric glare; and inasmuch as in your photographs there is very little effect on the centre of the moon's disc, I am led to think that very little of the result obtained can be due to glare. I have here confined myself strictly to your photographs, but the principle laid down is applicable to all kinds of observations; and I must confess that I cannot at the present moment see why the streamers, if they are caused by the atmosphere, should invariably shoot outwards, and never venture to trespass upon the moon's disc.

The present position of astronomers is this—They have proved that there is a solar appendage extending to a vast distance from the sun's surface, radiated—usually, if not always—in structure, and shining in great part with its own inherent lustre. The portion of the corona's substance which is thus self-luminous is gaseous. It may well be, however, that there is also a self-luminous portion in the solid or liquid condition—probably in a state of fine division. And it has been rendered all but certain that a considerable portion of the corona's light is simply sunlight reflected from solid or liquid matter in the corona. For while it is perhaps doubtful whether the solid or liquid matter is self-luminous through intensity of heat, no question remains as to the actual existence of such matter. Lastly, it seems highly probable that a portion of the coronal light has an electrical origin, like the light of our auroras.

Astronomers hope to obtain, during the approaching eclipse, more satisfactory information than they have at present, respecting the actual extension of the corona, as well as of the various portions of which it consists. The observers will have to discriminate between the light due to atmospheric illumination, and those fainter and more delicate portions of the real corona which have as yet not been traced to their actual limits (if they

have any). It is hoped, in particular, that photographs taken at the extreme stations — those in India and Northern Australia — will so confirm the evidence first obtained from Mr. Brothers's photographs, as to convince the most skeptical that the corona is not a mere atmospheric phenomenon. It may well be that spectroscopists and polariscopists will obtain some new information respecting the structure of the corona; but to effect this they will have to overcome great difficulties, owing to the way in which the light from our air is blended with the light from the corona. Altogether, I am disposed to believe that at this stage of our progress chief reliance is to be placed on the powers of photography. After Mr. Brothers's success during the last eleven seconds only of totality (for a cloud veiled the eclipsed sun for the first two minutes), it may fairly be hoped that by applying his method the photographers may obtain such pictures of the corona as will throw an altogether new light on this wonderful solar appendage.

From Good Cheer.

THE NEAP REEF.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER IX.

Now, at this very time Philip Lee happened to be at Honfleur — a place to which for many years his trading had not taken him. Naturally, everything he saw and heard recalled the days when he used to land, with the certainty of a warm greeting from kindly Madame Dutton and her dark-eyed little daughter. Ah! it seemed but yesterday, that he was a light-hearted stripling walking along towards the little cottage, in sight of which he gave a shrill whistle — a second — a third — and at the door would appear a tiny figure, to give one eager look in his direction, and then, with outstretched arms and shouts of welcome, come flying along to meet him.

Looking around, few, if any, changes met his view. The old-fashioned tower was still the same. In the narrow streets the same people inhabited the same quaint houses, and before them they sat knitting or twirling their bobbins until the light faded away, when they lounged chatting and laughing merrily together by the water-side or sat in front of the Pomme d'Or — still kept by the good Veuve Bardot — sipping their cider, clinking glasses, LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIV. 1101

and trolling out their *chansons de compagnie*. The young girls in their short, warm petticoats, gay coloured kerchiefs, and prettily-fashioned caps, were reproductions of Margot — nor was the likeness lessened by their coquettish graces, free speech, and merry, innocent gaiety.

Philip's heart smote him, as he recalled the many times he had blamed Margot for practising the very attractions which here he thought so charming. How inconsistent he had been! how hasty, harsh, impetuous! Each day he retraced, and lingered over, the places where they had been together, the particular spots which, from some little incident occurring there, were most vividly impressed upon his memory, until he had nothing left in his heart but love for her and reproach for himself. Madame Dutton, on her death-bed, had left him a message, saying she knew she could trust him to be a friend to the young girl she was leaving an orphan lonely and alone. Ah! he had proved a sorry sort of friend, he thought; ready to listen to anything, and heap all sorts of abuse upon her, the minute matters weren't taking the turn he wanted them to do. He could see it plainly enough now, his great love had made him selfish; she had become so necessary to his happiness, that where that wasn't concerned he had given up studying *hers*. She was so much to him that he couldn't bear the thought of another man possessing his treasure. Then as to Dick Barry! He was looked upon as a fine, handsome-faced young chap, likely enough to take a girl's fancy, and she, poor child, had nobody to advise her and tell her of his many failings and his idle ways; though from all that was said he had changed since she had taken him in hand. Very likely there was some good in the poor fellow after all; but, oh! it was so hard to give her up. Nevertheless, he'd do it; his mind was made up now, and the very first thing, as soon as ever he set foot in Redneap, should be to go to Margot, tell her everything, and beg her forgiveness. She wouldn't stand out, he felt sure of that, for she had always been the first to come round after their little tiffs, which they should never have had only for his brutish temper. The only wonder to him was that she'd stood him so long; however, he'd warn her out at last, and he nodded his head, sighing dismally to think that he had never been able in his poor way to tell her half the love he felt for her. Then for a few minutes he sat letting his sweet and bitter recollections run on unchecked,

until, jumping up with an apology to himself for his eyes being weak and watery by reason of staring at the sea, he turned to go back to the town, finishing his reverie with "God bless her and make her happy. Anyhow, I s'pose if things run contrariwise in this world, we must look for all righting itself in the next."

"I've bin hurryin' all hands to look sharp about gettin' the cargo aboard," he said to his mate on his return. "I shan't put off starting from here any longer than I can help, for the wind seems shifty, and unless I'm mistook, there's dirty weather blowing up outside, so the sooner we up stick and away the better."

His heart was so full of the one subject, that he could neither think nor speak on any other, and that evening, as he and Curtis leaned over the side of the little vessel smoking their pipes, Philip could not refrain from asking—

"Have ye seen anything of old Dutton o' late?"

"Well no, I can't say as I have, but my missis' cousin, who's Dick Barry's uncle's wife, told her that the poor old chap had bin terrible bad with the rheumatics agen."

There was a pause, for Philip knew that though a Luton man, Curtis was perfectly aware of his quarrel with Margot, and that this was the reason why he no longer went to the cottage. Still, having always studiously avoided the subject, it was somewhat awkward to commence it now. His companion was a particularly silent, stolid man, with whom beating about the bush would be so much lost time, therefore gulping down his pride, he began again.

"I've heard that Barry and Margot are keeping each other co'pany."

"I've heerd the same," replied Curtis, and another pause ensued.

"I hope 'tis true he's steadied a bit," Philip continued; "he's usen't to be the man likely to make a girl happy."

Curtis made no remark.

"I reckon," said Philip with an effort, "'twas all a settled thing when she went over to Luton Revel with him?"

But Curtis continued to puff away in silence.

"You're a nice lively sort o' chap to be cast adrift with!" exclaimed Philip testily, losing all patience. "Better to go to sea with a Lascar Indian, or a Maltee man, for they will open their mouths, if nobody's the wiser for what they say. But as for you—"

"Now look ye here, mate," returned

Curtis, moved to turn round and take his pipe from his mouth, "if you axes me a question, never fear but I'll give ye an answer; but if so be you know the rights o' everything certain yerself, and stands up and holds forth upon it, why unless I wants to get up a argymt what 'ave I got to say?"

"Oh! that's all talk," said Philip surly; "you know fast enough what 'tis I want to know."

"Well, now then, what *do* ye want to know?"

"Why," exclaimed Philip, the hot colour showing through his bronzed face, "how long is it since Dick Barry and Margot have been 'trothed to each other?"

"Well, then, you've stumped me at the first go off," replied Curtis, "for so far as I've seen and heard—and leave the womenfolk for ferritin' out a business o' that sort—Margot has no more thought o' marryin' Dick Barry than she has o' marryin' me. And as we're on this tack, I'll tell ye what it is, Phil Lee, if you ain't one o' the biggest fools I ever set eyes upon, you ain't the man I take ye for. I may keep my mouth shut, but I keeps my eyes open, and I know you're no more like the chap you was, than a herrin's like a pilchard. And as for Margot—well, I needn't go no further than this, that she told Jane Tomlin that if Barry could deck her with dimonds she wouldn't have him, for she'd rather beg her bread with you than eat off gold with any other man; and that's the truth, which you may believe or not, for Jane Tomlin told it her own self to my missis. So there."

It was Philip's turn now to be silent. He could not trust himself to speak. Was it possible that this could be? Margot still his own; her love only his? Such a rush of happiness came over him at the very thought, that he could but pray God it might be true, for if so, no matter what else happened, he should be content; and some minutes later Curtis, who had returned to his pipe and his own reflections, was roused from them by a hand being laid on his shoulder, and Philip saying—

"Mate, there's no need for much talk between you and me, but you've lifted a ton weight off my heart, and I shan't rest day nor night till I get Margot to say she'll have me. Once let me hear her say her heart's mine, and I shan't have another thing to wish for in the world." And they shook hands, and felt, as Curtis afterwards observed, "more chummy like than they had done for months before."

CHAPTER X.

TRUE to his promise the next morning, found Uncle Ben taking his way towards Mrs. Lee's cottage. He set down his basket, which at this season was filled with a somewhat incongruous medley of nuts, oranges, peppermint water, and herrings, in front of the gate, and giving a sharp rap with his knuckles to intimate that he intended opening the door, thrust in his head, saying in a coaxing voice —

"Want a nice herrin' this mornin', missis?"

"No, not I," answered the widow sharply, for her mind being set upon her cleaning up, she had no wish to be interrupted. "I've had enough o' herrin's for one while, with the last I had o' you."

"Ah, but the last wasn't like these, missis. You wouldn't know these from a ham. Now you only just put yer nose to one."

Mrs. Lee shook her head decisively. "I shan't buy this mornin'," she said.

"Come now, missis, don't 'ee say no, for if I get a hansom from you I shall be sure to have a lucky day, and it's no use offerin' o' you oranges, nor one o' that, with yer son allays a bringin' ye things as can't be got no place else for love nor money. I reckon he's certain sure to be back for Christmas-day?"

"Well, so 'tis to be hoped," said Mrs. Lee, with a snort of important pride. "The gentry about Luton 'ed sit down to a lairy dinner if not, for he's bringin' all Mr. Brigg's things, besides odds and ends for others, who'd laugh t'other side o' their faces, I guess, if my Philip didn't come in, which I trust in mercy, dear feller, he will on Toosday evening at the very latest."

"Taint to be wondered at *your* money bringin' luck," said Uncle Ben craftily chuckling at the easy way in which he had obtained his desired information, "for as I've said hundreds o' times you're one in a thousand, Mrs. Lee, and yer son's the very spit of ye."

"There go along, do," exclaimed the widow, in a mollified tone, "or you won't sell nothink to-day."

"Not 'til I've sold the fust to you, missis, I shan't," and in an instant Uncle Ben returned with a couple of his vaunted delicacies, which after many protestations on the "foolishness o' takin' things you had no use for," Mrs. Lee consented to buy, and Uncle Ben, after religiously spitting on the two-pence he received from her, went off, slyly exulting over his superiority.

Never had Uncle Ben been so anxiously watched for as he was the whole of that day; for, though Margot knew that she should see nothing of him until he had, by every coaxing art he possessed, emptied his basket, still, she argued, when one so desired that he should sell all he carried, there was no knowing how speedily the wish might be accomplished. She seemed to walk upon air, and very great difficulty it was to walk at all, when running and skipping accorded so much better with the lightness and gaiety which filled her heart, forcing her to break out into glad snatches of songs, making her catch up the few stray toddlers on the beach, and toss them up in her strong arms, until they and she laughed and screamed together in delighted chorus. At length, about three o'clock, just as her impatience was becoming unendurable, she was relieved by seeing the old man come hobbling towards her.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Uncle Ben! I thought you were never coming. What a long time it has taken you to clear your basket!"

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, "you may well say that. People nowadays are uncommon contrary about buying. Why, I b'lieve, in the matter o' herrin's, some on 'em would doubt their own fathers. If I says they'm soft roed, they want's 'em hard; and if I tells 'em they'm hard, nothin' suits 'em but soft; and, when I tries to accommodate them with hard and soft too, they stands 'out I don't know t'other from which. Lord, help us!" he ejaculated sitting down on the boat's side, to which Margot pointed.

"It is very tiresome," she said, in a consoling voice. "But never mind, Uncle Ben; for you always try to serve them well — don't you? Did Mrs. Lee buy anything of you to-day?"

The chuckle which Uncle Ben gave assured Margot more than any words could have done.

"Never you fear, lass, but I'll get to wind'ard of any woman as you ever come across yet; and the more knowledgeable they be, the more I loves to tackle 'em. Lord bless ye! a woman is all very well; but she can't encompass a man — least-ways, not old Ben Ching, who's been round the world, and sailed from pole to pole."

"Then you know when Philip will be here?"

"All right," said the old fellow, with a knowing wink. "Now, what'll ye give me to tell ye?"

"Oh, everything I have got in the world!—only do tell me, dear Uncle Ben."

"Well, what do ye say to Toosday morning?" asked Uncle Ben, putting his head on one side, and steadfastly regarding the anxious face before him; "or would late o' Monday night suit ye better? You've only to say the word."

"Don't tease me, please, Uncle Ben. I want so much to know what Mrs. Lee said."

"Why, then, 'twas this: that at the very latest, Toosday will see him home safe and sound; but she ain't so certain but he may come afore, as he's bringing a power o' things for the Luton gentry."

Margot clasped her hands with delight.

"Here, I say," continued Uncle Ben, "if Phil perseveres on the tack he's bin on this last year and a half past, you'll be curlin' yer hair with one-pound notes afore you die."

Margot laughed outright, and then she tried to put on a very grave expression as she said—

"But I'm not sure 'twould be me, it might be to Annie Turle that he would give them."

"Now you know you don't mean that," said the old fellow, "you only want me to contradict ye; you know well enough you've got poor Phil at safe anchorage; and no wonder neither," he said, putting his weather-stained old hand under her soft round chin. "Why I wouldn't change my old Moll—now she's dead," he added parenthetically—"for that maid o' Turle's with her 'Stand upon the mat, don't put yer basket down'—Lord help her! when she's come nigh seventy, and's a boxing the compass with a maun o' fish on her head fit to break a hoss's back, she ain't the one, dearie, to whip it up, and make out to run off wi' it in joke, because she see'd old Ben's limbs was so screwy he could hardly turn; I know'd, I know'd, for all I blustered and bullied to bring it back; says I, she won't put it down till we'm atop o' Fairly Hill."

"Oh! but that was nothing for me, I'm accustomed to it—look at grandfather."

"Yes, poor old chap. I'm better than he is; but there, he's got you, and I've got nobody, you see."

"No," said Margot, "it was sad that Molly should die."

Uncle Ben gave a dubious shake of the head. "'Tis a great comfort to me when I think she's at rest," he said, "for I've oftentimes speckylated whether such could

be, and Mrs. Morris up to farm did declare how in crossing Turncross she'd see'd Moll, 'Did she speak?' I says. 'No,' says she, 'not a word.' 'Then,' I says, 'twarn't my old Moll, for you never see'd her without hearing her too'—and no more you never did, for Moll had a terrible sperrit. I used to think 'twas a pity t'adn't bin put into the body o' a man; not that she let it lie idle, poor soul, and that reminds me 'tis time I began to finish that little job o' mine, for by all I see the sooner my *Mary Jane's* high and dry the better."

"Ah! Grandfather said this morning that 'twould be squally. I hope it won't be a wet Christmas, but only a merry one. It won't be long to wait, will it?" she added hopefully. "Sunday, and perhaps Monday, for the wind being fresh he may be in before Mrs. Lee thinks, and you'll be sure to let me know if you hear a word, won't you, Uncle Ben?"

"Never you fear that, my lass. I knows Phil, and he knows me, and after I've given him the signal, 'twon't be long before he's bearing down full sail towards somebody as I'll tell him is a-waitin' in anxious expectancy to hear him make his number."

"Good-bye, Uncle Ben, and thank you—thank you—thank you."

"All right," said the old fellow; "and remember, though I can't dance at the weddin', I can drink yer two healths in a drop o' that stuff Phil's sure to bring across the water wi' him."

Margot nodded her head, and ran off, laughing, while Uncle Ben paused before he began his work, and stood for a few moments watching her as he soliloquized.

"Phil Lee's a fine, straightforward chap, and, what's more, a fast-rate sailor; but he ain't too good to mate wi' you, my lass—no, nor he wouldn't be if he was post-cap'en of a 74."

CHAPTER XI.

Now Mrs. Lee had told Uncle Ben that on Tuesday, at the very latest, Philip would be at Luton, as his cargo must be all discharged before Wednesday, which was Christmas Eve. Accordingly, by Tuesday morning she had finished her cleaning, scoured her pots and pans to their last pitch of brilliancy; and, according to her notion, had made everything comfortable and tidy for the combined festivals of Christmas time and her son's arrival, of which she was now in hourly expectation. Still bent on her matrimonial

scheme, she sat working, and turning over in her mind, the various opportunities which this season of social gatherings would afford for bringing Philip and Annie together. During his last visit home, she had been not a little vexed at the way he had taken some reports, she had repeated to him, of Mr. Horan's attentions to Annie, saying "he did not think either o' them could do better, they seemed cut out for one another." Anybody would think the boy was overlooked to throw away such a chance—a good business ready to hand, a basket fortune from relations, and everything old Turle possessed when he died. Well, why *she* should be put to such a trial, as seeing her own flesh and blood act so inconsistent, she couldn't think. It 'twas doodle-headed Gibbins, or that rattle-pated Barry, nobody 'ed wonder; but her Philip! and lost in amazement she let her work drop idly, and sat for a few moments gazing vacantly out of the window.

She was aroused by a cloud of dust sweeping past, and the sudden rattle of doors and windows. She started up, exclaiming: "Mercy on us, how the wind's getting up! I trust and hope that Philip's in or passed up before this." Then, throwing her apron over her head, she ran to the top of the lane, hoping she might learn from some passer-by whether any news had been heard of the *Bluebell*; but the afternoon came without the desired tidings, and, unable longer to bear the suspense, she put on her bonnet and cloak, thinking that in the village she would be sure to meet some one who would know whether Philip had arrived at Luton. John Dykes the carrier was the most likely person, and to his house she went; but John said, "No, Philip warn't at Luton, and Maister Briggs he's like a mazed man at his things not a comin'; he's a told me for to get'n all the eggs, and the ducks, and geese I can lay sight on, and bring wi' me to-morrow mornin'." This information but increased Mrs. Lee's anxiety, nor was her uneasiness lessened by the preparations which she saw everywhere being made in anticipation of rough weather—boats were drawn up, timber made fast, and all within water reach made as taut and firm as possible. The few men who were about endeavoured to cheer her by saying they had no doubt that Philip, foreseeing the weather, had put into some other port, and by next day he'd come on by land to Luton.

"You don't think he's passed without

any o' you seeing her?" asked the widow.

"Lord bless yer heart, why he'd no more get her past the Neaps now than he'd get her to fly; the wind's dead ashore; she'd be straight on Flatpole, and nothing to hinder her. You go home, missis, and don't 'ee fret about Phil; he's all right, make yer mind easy about that."

But to make her mind easy, with a storm coming on, and her son she did not know where, was more than the mother could do; and her heart felt very heavy and anxious as, unable to learn more, she turned her steps in the direction of home.

Near Craft's she came suddenly upon Margot, who stopped with the evident intention of addressing her; but the stern old woman wheeled round in the opposite direction, preferring, as she said, to go a mile out of her way rather than let that brassy-faced slut see she was in trouble.

"I don't think she's a bad-hearted girl, though," said Annie Turle, whom Mrs. Lee had dropped in to see, hoping a gossip might make her forget her anxiety. "I hear she's bin almost the saving o' Nanny Smith's eldest boy."

"Ugh!" snorted Mrs. Lee; "she must ha' the stomach o' a horse to go inside their place; but there, I don't suppose much goes agen her as is used to her own country, where I've heerd tell they throw out all their mess and garbage in front o' their doors, before which a nasty, foul gutter's allays runnin'. Call them Christians! Ah! don't tell me, let 'em read their Bible, and see there that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

"I expect that Philip is in a way about all the things he's bringing," said Annie after a pause, during which Mrs. Lee had gone to the door to see whether, according to her hopeful expectation, the wind was dropping with the rising moon; "how do you think he'll get them brought to Luton?"

"I am sure I can't tell," replied the widow with an anxious sigh. "I trust the Lord has guided him safe to some port before this."

"Oh! you may depend upon that. Come, 'tain't like you to be nervous, Mrs. Lee."

"I ain't so young as I used to be, Annie, and I find I can't bear worry as I used to. Ah! if Philip would only give up seafaring and stop ashore, I'm sure 'twould be joy untold to me; but there, p'raps I'm over wishful to have things my own way; for certain my earthly prayer o' late has bin

to have all hindrances removed which keep you and he from coming together."

Annie coloured. "I don't believe," she said, "that'll ever be."

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Lee sharply. "I'm sure you're very fond o' one another."

"That I don't deny," and Annie bent down so as to prevent her colour being seen; "but it isn't in a marryin' way."

"Love too hot boils over the pot," said Mrs. Lee sententiously; "much better begin life together with the knowledge that you've took each other with yer eyes open, and not bin blind to a lot o' follies and failin's you'll see plain enough when there's no gettin' away from 'em. However," she added, "I leave it to wiser hands than mine, to do as is best."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Turle's arrival, though with no better news. The wind, he said, hadn't changed a point, but no fears were entertained about the *Bluebell*, for Philip knew the coast as well as any man sailing; and if he hadn't run in to some port already—which, considering his cargo, was most probable—he'd know as long as he kept well out to sea that he was all right. So with this consolation Mrs. Lee went home, not to sleep—for that was impossible—but to lie listening to the dull booming of the wind, and its rattle through the chinks of doors and windows, and to pray that her son might be kept from all harm, and that he might be so turned, as to give up this perilous way of living.

"Poor soul! she seems very moody about Phil," said old Turle, as he fastened the doors after seeing Mrs. Lee to the top of the lane. "I hope he's all right, for it's a dirty night outside, and we haven't seen the tail o' it yet, mark my words if we have."

"I think he's quite certain to have put in somewhere," Annie answered with the confidence of a not over-anxious heart; for, fond as she was of Philip, she could not change her placid nature; besides which, of late, notwithstanding all his mother might say, she had been forced to confess, that Philip's attentions were so brotherly as to exclude every hope that they would ever change into anything warmer. Many a discontented sigh had she heaved over the perversity of fate. However, as she told herself, it was no use fretting and hankering after him; she shouldn't get him any the more for that, neither was there any good in keeping awake and thinking of all the dreadful things which might happen to him, it

wouldn't do him any good, and would only make her fit for nothing the next day, with which truism she curled herself up in her snug little bed and slept soundly; only awakening, when the house was shaken by a gust of more than ordinary violence, drowsily to hope that poor Phil was safe somewhere.

Meantime Margot was filled with anxious thoughts. Early in the afternoon she had set off for the quay in front of Craft's, hoping she might learn tidings of the *Bluebell* from some of the loungers there. Full of sympathy with Mrs. Lee, she intended, as the widow supposed, to speak to her; and, notwithstanding the rebuff she met with as she watched her walking away, she felt that, act as the hard old woman might, there was a bond, now that Philip was in danger, between the two who loved him best in the world.

Old Dutton could hardly believe he heard right when Margot said on her return home, "I'm late, grandfather, because I've been trying to hear something of Philip. The *Bluebell* is not here, and she has not put in at Luton."

"The *Bluebell*! Philip! dearie," repeated the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, grandfather," and the girl threw her strong arms round him, and hugged his brown weather-beaten face close to her own youthful rosy cheek. "It is all coming right again; he does not love any one but me, and Uncle Ben has seen him ever so many times trying to look at me when I did not know it. And, grandfather, Martha Pearce told me this afternoon that Mrs. Greig says it's all lies about his marrying Annie Turle, for he said to her, if he did not marry me he should never marry anybody—there!" and she held him off and looked at him with beaming face.

"I know'd it!" exclaimed the old man delightedly. "Haven't I told ye so a hundred times, but you wouldn't listen to me?"

"No, I have been very proud and wicked; but I think he will forgive me when I ask him, and I mean to do it as soon as ever he comes in. I wish he were in now, for it is blowing such a gale I could hardly stand until I got here, and I dare not come back Undercliff way. They think on the quay that he has put in at some other place. I hope he is safe."

"Safe," echoed the old sailor, "he's safe enough; only if he ain't at anchor by this time, he's safe to eat his Christmas dinner on sea instead o' ashore."

"Oh! but that is sad!" exclaimed Margot dolefully. "I so much desire on

Christmas-day we shall again be friends and —"

"Sweethearts," prompted the grandfather slyly.

Margot gave a little happy laugh.

"Yes," she said, "sweethearts; for I do love him with all my heart, and I am as happy as a queen, now that I think he loves me the same."

"Think, dearie; say you're sure, for I am — as sure as I'm alive, that Phil Lee never gived a thought to no other maiden living than yourself."

"And I am sure too!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands; "and oh, grandfather, it makes me think much of my own dear mother, for I know that she could not bear to see her child miserable, and so has entreated for me that the good God would make me happy, and you will see that He will do so."

And after this — their evening meal cleared away, and the little oil lamp trimmed — the two sat down to their occupations of net-making and shell-work, while away the time with oft-told stories of Philip, and Honfleur, and the mother whom Margot loved so much, and the father, of whom she knew so little, until it was time to seek what small amount of rest the rising storm would permit of their enjoying. Then, by his grandfather's help, the old man went outside, and tried to hobble and stagger up to a point where they could get a better view of the open sea; but the wind was too strong for him, and he was obliged to give his judgment on Margot's report when she came scrambling back drenched with spray, to tell, with grave face and anxious voice, that the clouds lay low and black, and the sea came dashing in with troubled sound and crested top.

"Lord save all at sea!" said old Dutton reverently; "but don't 'ee fear for Philip, lovey," he added cheerily, "he's all safe."

And that it was so, the girl prayed through the long night, during which the storm rose and raged with unabated force. And after every prayer she sent up a thanksgiving because "though I am afraid," she said, "I am so happy, knowing that at last it is all coming right."

CHAPTER XII.

The early dawn found Margot climbing up the cliff to see if in the bay, or within any creek near, lay the *Bluebell*. But no; it was evident that she had not put in during the night. As soon, therefore, as she had given her grandfather his break-

fast, and made things straight and tidy, she set off for the village, to gain which, in the present weather, she had to make a toilsome circuit over steep paths and rugged rocks.

Besides Stephen, the *Bluebell* only carried a mate and a boy. The mate was a Luton man; but the boy's mother lived in the village, and she might have heard some fresh tidings. To her cottage Margot made her way, but no news had as yet reached them of the little vessel, about which Mrs. Greig said she should certainly feel very restless, only her husband was so sure of Philip.

"He's a safe man, a cautious sailor, and he knows the Neaps blindfolded, Greig says, and so we must be trustful, and not go to meet trouble half-way." True, she added they might be overtaken or misled, — for by the wind it was plain most of the danger lay near the coast, — but still, Greig felt certain that Philip knew how things were going, and if not in port, he would stand well out from the land until the weather changed. Already news had come that a large bark had run ashore some five miles down the coast, and most of the men had gone off to see what help they could give.

But Philip was a Redneap man, and that made all the difference, so that this occurrence — by no means a rare one — added but little to their anxiety.

Margot was turning to take her leave when Mrs. Greig exclaimed —

"Wait a minute. Here's Mrs. Lee. Perhaps she's had some news."

But, although within the doorway, no sooner did the old woman catch sight of Margot, whose face flushed scarlet at her appearance, than turning to Mrs. Greig she said she wouldn't intrude upon them, but would step in when she hadn't company.

"Why, it's only Margot," Mrs. Greig called after her. "She's come to ask if we've heard aught o' our boys."

But Mrs. Lee would not return. She only muttered out something about, "Twas a pity people didn't mind their own business," and walked away.

"There, don't pay no heed to her huffs," said the good-natured woman, who had always felt very pitiful towards the poor motherless stranger. "She ought to take it very kind o' ye Margot, as I do, to come toiling up all this way to satisfy our minds that there's no sign o' em down Bilcar way; but she's so set upon Phil marryin' Annie Turle, that she can't abide to hear his name in any other maiden's mouth."

"And Philip, has he any love for Annie, think you?" asked Margot, with a beating heart.

"No, my dear," laughed Mrs. Greig, "that he hasn't; make your mind quite easy about that. I know all about the bit of a tiff you and he have had, but, la! that's nothing, you'll only come together the sooner for that. Sweethearts' quarrels is sure to be made up; and then it's post haste to get married, for fear you may fall out again."

Margot shook her head.

"Well, you'll see: I said the very same thing to the mate afore they started. I went over to Luton, and your name and Annie Turle's was brought up, and Curtis had a fine laugh over the old woman's scheme. He said if she could only see Phil mopin' and frettin' after *you*, she wouldn't think poor Annie had much chance. But mothers are all alike, my dear, hankering after a bit o' money for their boys, and forgettin' their own young days. There, don't 'ee cry about it; it'll all come right, you silly thing."

"Ah! Mrs. Greig, but you know not how badly I acted, nor the false things I said in my wicked rage; and, then, when by chance I met him, I laughed and talked as if my heart was as light as a feather, although the good God knows it was as heavy as lead. Oh! will Philip ever forgive me?"

"Forgive *you*! well, that is a joke. Why, bless the maid, he thinks 'tis all his fault, and that you will never forgive him."

"Does he, Mrs. Greig? has he said so?—do tell me. Why, I love him fifty times better than I ever did!"

"Of course you do," laughed Mrs. Greig, patting her kindly, "and, of course, so does he, too; don't I tell ye that's allays the way? Well, go home and make yourself easy now, child; and as soon as we know that through the mercy of the Lord they're safe and home again, which I trust will be this very day, I'll take good care it shan't be long before I say a word in Phil's ear, that'll send him down to your house in quarter less than no time."

Delighted at this new proof of Philip's unaltered love, and reassured by Mrs. Greig's confidence in his discretion as a seaman, Margot took her leave, and began retracing her steps up the steep ascent, at the foot of which stood Mrs. Greig's cottage. The wind, which had considerably dropped in the early morning, was now raging again with unabated vigour, blustering violently, howling dismally, so as to fill the girl's mind with fresh and unde-

fined terrors. In the hollow beneath, it seemed so easy to believe that all was going well, but here with no shelter from the gusty squalls which every now and then came sweeping along, and sending up a cloud of sand and stones to obscure the leaden sky, it seemed impossible to banish the restless disquietude which had all the night long possessed her. Crossing the heights there were two paths, one led to the top of the cliff, the other to the beach, and at this point Margot stopped, debating whether she should not take one more look, so as to be sure that Philip was not attempting to make the land, which, under present circumstances, would be almost fatal. Perhaps she had better go home, for if it should blow any stronger she would not be able to stand; besides, every one else seemed confident; then why should she be so anxious? and she took some twenty slow steps down the cliff, then giving way to an irresistible impulse, she suddenly turned, and ran as rapidly as she could to the top, where, behind a rough wall of stones raised as a protection to any one looking out, she saw her grandfather and a few sailors.

"Ay, my lass," exclaimed old Dutton as soon as he saw Margot, "I'm sore afeard it's poor Phil."

"Who—what—poor Phil where?" cried the girl, pushing herself in front, and at once being answered by the sight of a little vessel labouring heavily to round the headland.

"It's that droppin' o' the wind that's done his business," said one of the men.

"Why, yes," said another; "I never thought myself to see it freshen up agen like this: he's bin lying close-to, you see, all night, fearin' to come in, and now he's tryin' to tack out agen, but, Lord, he'll never do it."

"What can he do?" asked Margot, despairingly.

"Well, 'tis hard to say, lass; he knows what to do as well as any o' us, but there's only One can answer for his coming safe ashore now."

"Josh White's gone down for Greig, and to tell his mother," said old Dutton, turning to her, and then with an effort to cheer the white terror-stricken face, he added, "Never fear for more than the little craft, dearie; what men's left will be here in no time, and they'll all do whatever can be done for Phil Lee."

Margot said no more. She mounted a little higher, so as to get as good a view of the vessel as possible, and the men took up their positions, keeping a silent watch.

Sometimes a subdued whistle, or "Lord help 'em," showed how keenly alive they were to the danger with which the brave little *Bluebell* was trying to battle.

Great sheets of spray and foam, as the waves broke upon the high, slippery rocks, often drenched the watchers and hid for many moments the vessel from their view, although she was now so near to land that, under ordinary circumstances, they could have hailed those on board.

At length a word from the man next her made Margot turn for a moment, and close by, breathless from the exertion, stood Mrs. Lee, and by her side Peter Greig. Margot jumped down, and helped the old woman into her place, holding her round the waist as she pointed to the tiny vessel in which all their hopes were centred.

"He'll never do it," exclaimed Greig. "She ain't answering anything now. They can't keep her off the reef another ten minutes."

"But you can save them with a boat below!" cried out the distracted mother, catching hold of Peter Greig. "Oh, you'll all do whatever you can to help my boy!" she added imploringly to the few men around. "God will reward you for it."

"Never fear, missis, he shan't harm if we can help it," answered the men sympathizingly, while Peter Greig, taking her hand, said—

"Neighbour Lee, my flesh and blood's as dear to me as yours is to you, and while I've breath left in my body I'll freely give it for the life of my little chap there; so make your mind easy about all being done for 'em as can be."

"Then go down quick," exclaimed the widow, pushing him on. "You'll come with me," she said to Margot, and with one more look at the helpless *Bluebell*, they began making the descent to the beach below, whence alone—being able to launch a boat—they could be of any service to their comrades in distress.

Philip would, in all probability, see them disappear, and would understand and be prepared for them.

The men soon outstripped Mrs. Lee and Margot, for the steep, rugged path made it most difficult for the poor old woman to get down at all, and in her haste her unsteady feet made many a slip, and she would have fallen only that Margot's stout arm held her up: for all this they never spoke to one another, and in silence reached the spot where the men stood debating and hesitating. It was not safe for a crew of less than six to go—that num-

ber being two short of the boat's complement—but five men only were there. Old Dutton clamoured piteously to be taken, but with his arm disabled as it was by rheumatism, they knew he would be of no use.

The report of a gun made them start; it was the second time this signal of distress had been made, and had told that all Philip Lee's hope now lay in God's mercy and their assistance, for nothing more could he do of himself. The poor mother gave a sharp cry of agony; she rushed in among them, imploring them to try and make an effort, to take Dutton, to do anything—only to help her boy.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, "if I could only go myself, but I can't, I can't!" and she sank down helpless on the wet sand.

"But I can, Mrs. Lee," said Margot, her mouth tightening, and her eyes dilating with excitement; "and I will go too."

"No, no," murmured the men, "we won't have that."

"Yes, but you will," said the girl, in a determined tone. "Grandfather knows well that I am as able and strong as any man. It is he who often says so. I have no fear; I will take his place, and the good God will see no harm comes to any of us."

"There's my brave lass!" cried the old man. "My Charlie's spirit all over. There'll be Dutton blood in the boat after all, and not one there'll beat it, I warrant."

The men said no more, but began taking their places. Margot ran to her grandfather, and kissed him on both cheeks; while Mrs. Lee seized her hands, exclaiming—

"I don't deserve this from you, Margot; but God's blessing ever rest upon you for returning good for evil."

"All will be well," cried Margot, her sweet face flushed with excitement: then, throwing her arms round the old woman's neck, she ran down to the boat, and a few minutes later the angry sea bore another precious burden—men who had gone out on one of those missions of mercy which faintly shadow forth Him in whose image they were made.

The few people from the village who were hurrying down to the beach now rapidly retraced their steps, that from the height above they might better watch all that took place. Naomi Lee, however, remained kneeling on the sand, praying for her son's life: and old Dutton, who, now that Margot had really gone, felt nervously anxious about her safety, tried to keep up

his courage by relating wonderful stories of wrecks, where "all hands was saved, as these would be." He did his best to persuade the widow to go back to his cottage; but Mrs. Lee at first refused to stir. Finding, however, that she was getting cramped and drenched through with spray, she so far yielded as to allow herself to be placed inside a sort of sheltered hollow or cave, while Dutton watched from behind a rock below.

Left to herself, the time seemed to stand still; minutes passed as slowly as if they were hours. At length the old man hobbled up, roaring that they must be coming in, for he'd just caught sight of the folks running down the cliff like mad.

"But you'd better stay where you are, and the minute the boat's in sight I'll come for ye."

Mrs. Lee tried to move, but the exertion and excitement had been too much for the poor woman, and she sank back, feeling every limb paralyzed.

"Now stop there, missis, like a dear," said the old man coaxingly: "and when they're in sight, never fear but I'll fetch you." And without waiting for a reply he went off, leaving Naomi Lee to battle with all the feelings which strove within her. Hope was strong to believe that her son was saved, given back to her from the very jaws of death, and by whom? By the girl whom she had censured and condemned, and harboured and spoken all manner of evil against; whom she had publicly said was not fit to be any honest man's wife.

"God forgive me!" she murmured, "and grant that I may live to recall my words." And then a dread would come, — what if they had not been successful! what if even now her boy, the pride and stay of her life, should be tossed about by the pitiless waves, till, tired of their sport, they left him cold and lifeless on some shore, far distant from all who knew and loved him!

Why did not Dutton come? It seemed hours since he had left her. The suspense became unendurable, and unable to bear such torture longer she managed by a great effort to crawl out of her shelter, and dragging herself along she gained the spot where old Dutton had stood watching. Nothing was to be seen. What could have happened? Perhaps — and at the very thought her heart died away, and she leaned against a fragment of the rock for support. The next moment she saw a man coming towards her whom she recognized as Peter Greig.

"My Philip!" she shrieked.

"Yes, he's safe," answered Greig.

Safe, and not come at once to her, what could be the matter? She tried to murmur "Thank God!" but the words died away without utterance, a sound as if the waters were closing in upon her overwhelmed her senses, and for the first time in her life, Naomi Lee fainted.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Mrs. Lee came to herself again, she was in old Dutton's cottage, Mrs. Greig was chafing her hands, Philip's mate held some burnt feathers to her nose, while the little ship-boy, with awe-stricken face gazed at the apparently dead woman. She had time to take all this in before she found strength to say in a broken voice —

"Philip's safe?"

"Yes, dearie, he's all right," answered Mrs. Greig, motioning to the mate to call him, and in another minute his mother's arms were around Philip, who laid his head upon her breast and sobbed like a little child.

"God has been merciful to me indeed!" said the widow. "My poor heart can't praise Him enough; but where's Margot?"

"She's sleeping," answered Mrs. Greig quickly.

"Ah! I want to ask her to forgive all I've said and done, for your sake, Philip," continued the old woman humbly, "but I'll wait, poor child! I won't disturb her. Why, Philip!" she exclaimed, starting up terrified by the trembling agony which seemed to sweep over the strong man. "Tell me what's the matter — she's safe, isn't she?"

"Yes, mother," said Philip, raising for the first time towards her his grief-stained face. "Safe with the angels above! Oh, Margot, Margot!" he cried. "Would God I had died with you, or for you, only not been left here alone!"

So Naomi Lee knew that the girl whom she had despised, and had led all Redneap to condemn, had given her life to save Philip. There was not much to tell; the three men were got off the sinking *Bluebell*, and everything went well until, close in shore, the heavy surf upset the boat. All the men could swim, but Margot, alas! could not; and though Philip, after some desperate attempts, seemed by a miracle to catch her and hold her up, never letting her go until, long after the others were safe, he struggled to shore, Margot never breathed again.

The graceful form Philip Lee had loved to watch was stiff and cold; the rosy mouth no longer dimpled or pouted in innocent coquetry; the dear eyes, which had been flooded with love for him as, clasped in his arms, death hovering around them, they had plighted a troth never to be broken, were closed; the warm quick heart, bounding with health and joyousness, was still forever! No wonder Philip Lee felt that from henceforth life for him would be a weary burden. Ah! all the village now could tell of her sweet looks, and loving actions, which they had before allowed to pass unnoticed. Dick Barry told Philip, with many a choking sob, how vainly he had tried to win her love; and how that it was she who had helped and cheered him to try and be a better man, and then he swore, for her dear sake, he'd carry out each wish she'd ever formed for him.

Naomi Lee, repentant, and with bitter sorrow, acknowledged to all around her worldly schemes and the hatred she had, from the very first, been guilty of harbouring towards the motherless stranger. From that day her hardness seemed to vanish, her pharisaical religion to alter, and by acts of sympathy and kindness, done, she said humbly, in Margot's name, she tried best to honour the now-loved dead.

When old Dutton seemed to mope by himself, Mrs. Lee gladly took him to her home, and tended him with loving care until he died.

Annie Turle still continued to be a favourite with Mrs. Lee and Philip, until, to the satisfaction of both, she married Philip's now most devoted friend, Dick Barry.

Philip Lee never married. He lived a long, prosperous, and, when time had softened his sorrow, a happy life, beloved by all, and most by those in sorrow or distress.

The money he saved, he left in trust, as "Margot's Gift," to be a wedding portion to poor orphan girls, married in Red-nap Church on Christmas morning.

When he died, they buried him under the shadow of the holly-tree which he had planted over Margot's grave; and, though time and decay has destroyed all trace of the stone and its inscription, the holly-tree flourishes still; and each year, as the sweet season of Christ's birth comes round, fresh, blooming brides, with new-made husbands, stand lingeringly by the old tree, and with "Margot's Gift" in hand, and the first great flush of happi-

ness around them, they bless the two who rest beneath, telling to those who know it not, the story of a love which fear could not conquer nor death destroy.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS.

AMONG the thousands who throng to the Continent for refreshment and adventure, how few leave the great southward-streaming mass, and seek the desolate grandeur of those countries which lie north of our own land! Of those who do diverge, the great majority are sportsmen, bent on pitiless raids against salmon and grouse. It is strange that the noblest coast-scenery in Europe should be practically unknown to so ubiquitous a people as we are: but so it is; and as long as the thirst for summer climates remains in us, the world's winter-garden will be little visited. It is the old story: the Northmen yearn after the Nibelungen treasure in the South.

Doubtless, for us who are supposed to shiver in perennial fog, this tropical idolatry is right and wise. With all the passion of Rosicrucian philosophers we worship the unfamiliar Sun-god, and transport ourselves to Italy or Egypt to find him. But what if he have a hyperborean shrine — a place of fleeting visit in the far North, where for awhile he never forsakes the heavens, but in serene beauty gathers his cloud-robcs hourly about him, and is lord of midnight as of midday? Shall we not seek him there, and be rewarded perchance by such epiphanies of violet and scarlet and dim green, of scathing white light and deepest purple shadow, as his languorous votaries of the South know nothing of?

With such persuasive hints I would lead the reader to the subject of this paper. I imagine to most minds the Lofoden Islands are associated with little except school-book legends of the Maelström, and, perhaps, the undesirable savour of cod-liver oil. With some they have a shadowy suggestion of iron-bound rocks, full of danger and horror, repulsive and sterile, and past the limit of civilization. So little has been written about them, and that little is so inadequate, that I cannot wonder at the indifference to their existence which prevails. With the exception of a valuable paper by Mr. Bonney, that appeared some time back in the *Alpine Journal*, I know of no contribution to geographical literature which treats of the group in any detail; and that paper, both

from the narrow circulation of the periodical, and also from the limited district of which it treats, cannot have had that influence which its merit and the subject deserve.

The Lofoden Islands, which I visited this summer, are an archipelago lying off the Arctic coast of Norway. Although in the same latitude as Central Greenland, Siberia, and Boothia Felix, they enjoy, in common with all the outer coast of Scandinavia, a comparatively mild climate: even in the severest winters their harbours are not frozen. The group extends at an acute angle to the mainland for about 140 miles, north-east and south-west. In shape they seem on the map like a great wedge thrust out into the Atlantic, the point being the desolate rock of Röst, the most southerly of the islands: but this wedge is not solid; the centre is occupied by a sea-lake, which communicates by many channels with the ocean. As all the islands are mountainous, and of most fantastic forms, it can be imagined that this peculiar conformation leads to an endless panorama of singular and eccentric views. The largest of the Lofodens is Hindöe, which forms the base of the wedge; north of this runs the long oval isle of Andöe; to the west lies Langöe, whose rugged coast has been torn and fretted by the ocean into the most intricate confusion of outline; the central lake has for its centre Ulvöe — thus the heart of the whole group; and from the south of Hindöe run in succession towards the south-west, Ost Vaagöe, Vest Vaagöe, Flakstadöe, Moskenæsöe, Væröe, and little ultimate Röst. All these, and several minor satellites also, are inhabited by scattered families of fishermen. There is no town, scarcely a village; it is but a scanty population so barren and wild a land will support.

But quiet and noiseless as the shores are when the traveller sees them in their summer rest, they are busy enough, and full of all energy and animation, in the months of March and April. As soon as the tedious sunless winter has passed away, the peculiar Norwegian boats, standing high in the water, with prow and stern alike curved upwards, begin to crowd into the Lofoden harbours from all parts of the vast Scandinavian coast. It is the never-failing harvest of codfish that they seek. Year after year, in the early spring, usually about February, the waters around these islands are darkened with innumerable multitudes of cod. They are unaccountably local in these visitations. I was assured they had been never known to ex-

tend farther south than Væröe, at the extremity of the group. The number of boats collected has been estimated at 3,000; and as each contains on an average five men, the population of the Lofodens in March must be very considerable. Unfortunately for these "toilers of the sea," the early spring is a season of stormy weather and tumultuous seas: when the wind is blowing from the north-west or from the south-west, they are especially exposed to danger; when in the former quarter the sudden gusts down the narrow channels are overwhelming, and when in the latter the waves are beaten against the violent current always rushing down the Vest Fjord from its narrow apex. The centre of the busy trade in fish is Høningsvær, a little collection of huts perched on the rocks under the precipitous flanks of Vaagekallen, the great mountain of Ost Vaagöe. I was told that in April, when the fish is all brought to shore, and the operations of gutting and cleaning begin, the scene on the shore becomes more strange than delightful. The disgusting labours which complete the great herring-season in our own Hebrides are utterly outdone by the Norsk cod-fishers. Men, women, and children cluster on the shore, busily engaged in their filthy work, and steeped to the eyes in blood and scales and entrails: at last the rocks themselves are slippery with the reeking refuse; one can scarcely walk among it; and such a smell arises as it would defy the rest of Europe to equal. The fish is then spread on the rocks to dry, and eventually piled in stacks along the shore: in this state it is known as klip-fish. Some is split and fastened by pegs to long rods, and allowed to flap in the wind till it dries to the consistence of leather: it is then called stock-fish. Before midsummer, flotillas of the swift boats called yagts gather again to the Lofodens, and bear away for exportation to Spain and Italy the dried results of the spring labour. Bergen is the great emporium for this trade. The other industry of the islands is the extraction of "cod-liver oil:" the livers of all kinds of fishes supply this medicine, those of sharks being peculiarly esteemed. Along the low rocks, and around the houses, one finds great caldrons in which these painfully odorous livers are being slowly stewed: a heavy steam arises, and the oily smell spreads far and wide. But this is not a feature peculiar to the Lofodens: all over the coast of Finmark the shores reek with this flavour of cod-liver oil.

It is a matter of regret to me, in my

function of apologist for these islands that truth obliges me to raze to the ground with ruthless hands the romantic fabric of fable that has surrounded one of them from time immemorial. The Maelström, the terrific whirlpool, that

Whirled to death the roaring whale,

that sucked the largest ships into its monstrous vortex, and thundered so loudly that, as Purchas tells us in his veracious *Pilgrimage*, the rings on the doors of houses ten miles off shook at the sound of it—this wonder of the world must, alas! retire to that Limbo where the myths of old credulity gather, in a motley and fantastic array. There is no such whirlpool as Pontoppidan and Purchas describe: the site of the fabulous Maelström is put by the former writer between Moskenæsøe and the lofty isolated rock of Mosken. This passage is at the present day called Moskoström, and is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force in one direction, that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it, a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have myself seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This was in the calmest of weather; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon occurring during a storm, or when the sea was violently disturbed, would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and might even suddenly swamp them. Some such disaster, observed from the shore, and exaggerated by the terror of the beholder, doubtless gave rise to the prodigious legends of the Maelström. Such a catastrophe took place, I was informed, not long since, on the Salten Fjord, where there is an eddy more deserving the name of whirlpool than any in the Lofodens.

Until lately the topography of the islands was in a very unsettled state. The name of the group begins to appear on maps of North Europe about the year 1600; but for a century and a half there is no sign to show that geographers were at all aware of the real position of the islands. In Pontoppidan's map the right point on the coast is at last fixed, but the oval smooth pieces of land at a great distance from one another which adorn the coast of Finmark on his chart, are a sadly inaccurate realization of these firmly-compacted and fantastically-shaped Lofodens. Only within the last few years has the

patient survey of the Norweigan Admiralty presented us with a minute and exact chart of the coast, and the sea-line may now be considered as accurately laid down. But with the interior of the islands it is not so: they consist of inaccessible crags, dreary morasses, and impenetrable snow-fields. The Lofoden islander prizes the sea-shore, for it feeds and enriches him; the fringe of rich pasture which smiles along it, for it preserves his cattle; but the land which lies behind these is an unknown wilderness to him: if he penetrates it, it is to destroy the insatiable eagles that snap up stray lambs, or to seek some idle kid that has strayed beyond the flock. Hence it is very difficult to find names for the peaks that bristle on the horizon or tower above the valleys; in many cases they have no names, in many more these names have found their way into no printed maps. It was an object with me to fix on the true appellations of these magnificent mountains; and I was in many cases enabled, through the courtesy of the people and through patient collation of reports, to increase the amount of information in this respect. It must be remembered that many of the names given were taken down from oral statement, and that the spelling must in some cases be phonetic.

The only key to this enchanted palace of the Oceanides is, for ordinary travellers, the weekly steamer from Trondhjem. This invaluable vessel brings one, after a somewhat weary journey through an endless multitude of low, slippery, grey islets and tame hills, to the Arctic Circle. Another day through scenery which at that point becomes highly eccentric and interesting, and, in some places, grand, to Bodö. This depressing village is the London and Liverpool in one for the inhabitants of our islands: every luxury, from a watch to a piano, from a box of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits to a pig, must be brought from Bodö. After a long stoppage here, the steamer passes on up the coast some twenty miles to a strange place called Grytøe, a labyrinth of slimy rocks just high enough to hide the horizon. From this the boat emerges through a tortuous and perilous sound, and is at once in the great Vest Fjord. Forty miles ahead in one unbroken line rise the sharp mountains of the Lofodens, and without swerving a point, the good ship glides west-north-west into the very centre of the great wall. If the traveller visit the islands in summer, and make the passage across the Vest Fjord at midnight, as he is almost sure to do, the scene, provided the air

be clear and dry, will be gorgeous. In the weird Arctic midnight, with a calm sea shimmering before the bows, and all things clothed in that cold yellow lustre, deepening to amber and gold behind the great blue mountains, which is so strange a characteristic of the sun at midnight, the scene is wonderfully impressive. As the steamer glides on, making for Balstad on the southwest corner of Vest Vaagöe, Flakstadöe and Moskenæsöe lie somewhat to our left; and perchance, if the eye is very keen, far away in the same direction it may detect the little solitary rock of Værö, and still farther Röst itself, our *ultima Thule*. The southern range of the Lofodens has been compared to a vertebrated skeleton, and the simile is vastly well chosen; for the isles taper off to a minute tail, and the channels that run between them are so narrow and fit the outline so exactly that they appear like joints. Seen from the Vest Fjord the whole looks like one vast land, undivided. Higher and higher on the primrose-coloured sky the dark peaks rise as we approach our haven. And now the hills of Moskenæsöe assume definite shape; the two central points rising side by side are Guldind and Reinebring the former being the southern one. For an account, the only one I know, of Moskenæsöe, I can refer the reader to the *Reise durch Norwegen* of Herr C. F. Lessing, published, in 1831, at Berlin; a scarce book, I believe. Herr Lessing was an enterprising naturalist, who visited Værö, Moskenæsöe, and Vest Vaagöe, and wrote an entertaining chapter about them in his excellent little book. The mountains of Moskenæsöe are not very lofty, but the island is very inaccessible, the shores being so steep and the outline so indented by the sea that it is necessary to take a boat from haven to haven: one cannot go by land. The highest mountain Flakstadöe, the precipitous Napstind, is on the northern extremity of that island, and hidden from us by the projecting promontories of Vaagöe; but the lofty hills very slightly to our left belong to this island. Even while we speak, see, we glide between half-submerged rocks and rounded islets crowded with sea-birds into the bay of Balstad, and the Lofodens are around us! The hour is that one of glamour in these Arctic summers when the day is yet but a few hours old, and the golden sheen of midnight has given way to the strong chiaroscuro of sunrise. Above our heads rises the mountain Skottind, and we perceive how strange is the land we have arrived in; no longer the rounded hills of

the mainland, no more any conventional mountain forms or shapes in any wise familiar. Skottind soars into the clouds one vast cliff of dark rock split across now and then with a sharp crevasse, above which rises another wall of cliff, and so on to the summit, where thin spires and sharp pinnacles, clear-cut against the sky, complete the mighty peak. This is characteristic of all the mountains of this southern and grandest range: especially unique and perplexing is the thin look of the extreme summit; apparently the ridge is as sharp and narrow as a notched razor; one can see no marks of the receding of the edge. All these points are inaccessible on one side; from the interior it might be possible to reach the top of some of them, and sublime would be the view so gained. At present, this chilly July morning, Skottind rises a wall of darkest indigo blue between the sun and our faces; about its horns the heavy tissue of clouds is smitten and shot through with brilliant white light of sunrise, and the fainter wreaths of vapour, delicately tinged with rose-colour and orange, pause before they rise and flee away over the awakened heavens. As for Balstad itself, it is a cluster of wooden houses painted gray and green, and some deeply stained with red ochre, scattered about on a frightfully rugged platform of rocks, so uneven that I cannot think a square yard of earth or tolerably flat rock could be found anywhere. Some of the houses are built on the outlying islets, treacherous low reefs on which the gray sea creeps and shows his ominous white teeth. Such places seem to promise certain destruction in the first storm, but the cottages survive, and the bay certainly is very sheltered.

Leaving Balstad the steamer coasts along the shores of Vest Vaagöe. The twin peaks that appeared from the middle of Vest Fjord as the highest land in this island lie on the northern coast, and are now far out of sight; they are known under the collective name of Himmelstinder — a poetic and suggestive title. It may be well to point out that *tind* is equivalent to needle, spitz, and is descriptive of the pinnacle-character of the mountain. Himmelstind was ascended by Herr Lessing, who crossed over to it from Buxnæs, and bravely ascended in spite of pouring rain and the derisive remarks of the natives: his account of the adventure is highly humorous. We pursue our voyage through an infinite multitude of sterile rocks and under fine stormy crags till we reach the mouth of the broad Gimsöeström, the gulf

that divides us from Ost Vaagöe. Here the colossal precipices of Vaagekallen come into sight, the sublimest, though not the loftiest, of all the Lofoden mountains. This stupendous mass occupies the south-west extremity of Ost Vaagöe, and is almost always shrouded in cloud; the snow lies in patches about its ravines, but most of its summit is too sheer for snow to rest on or any herb to grow. Vaagekallen is the beacon towards which the fisher, laden with finny spoils, wearily steers at fall of day; for under its spurs, on a group of islets in the sound, is built the village of Henningsvær, the most important of all the fishing stations, and a flourishing little place. It has a lighthouse also, the largest on this coast. A little farther on we pass the quaint church of Vaagen, Kirkevaag, as the inhabitants call it, built like all northern churches, of wood and painted dark brown. Here we find the only trace of historic importance that Lofoden can boast, I believe; for it was from Kirkevaag that that enthusiast Hans Egede, led by Christian love for the souls of men, went in 1721 to preach the Gospel to the desolate savages of Greenland. We pass on through crowds of eider-ducks and terns and cormorants to Svolvær, a prominent station on Ost Vaagöe. The entrance to this harbour is through a maze of black, cruel rocks, round which the sea tumbles and glides ominously; at last, after an intricate half-hour of steering, through passages where no path seemed possible, a large village is reached, built like a lacustrine town on piles above the water. Svolvær is thrown about on a heap of islets and promontories, here a house and there a house, on a site even wilder than that of Balstad. The mountain rising sheer behind it is the Svolvær Fjeld. Tolerable accommodation may be got at this place, though the house of entertainment is, according to Mr. Bonney, very inconveniently situated. Leaving Svolvær, the Osnæs Fjord, gloomy, narrow, and terrible as that gate which Dante saw in Hell, looms on our left; enormous mountains hem it in. On the west side, eminent above the rest, is a peak called, I believe, the Jomfrutind; it is a sombre and sinister water-glen, on whose shores it would be a dismal thing to live.

But now, straight before us, we perceive three islands, not belonging to the general range, but standing at right angles to it, running far out into the Vest Fjord; and between them we see glimpses of the mainland, now not very distant. These islands are circular, and not in-

dented by the sea; but a shelf of rock, covered with rough pasturage, runs round each of them, and then a mountain soars suddenly into the skies. Stor Molla, the one largest and nearest to Ost Vaagöe, is a double peak of quite exceptional grandeur; and Lille Molla and Skraaven, though less lofty, are scarcely tamer in their forms. It is difficult to form a due conception of this peculiarly masculine scenery; there is nothing pretty or charming about it, but it is extremely impressive. Compared with the rest of Norwegian sea-scenery, with that south of the Arctic Circle especially, it differs from it as an American backwoodsman differs from a London counter-jumper. I would here protest a little, in wonder, at the compliments paid to the coast scenery of South and Central Norway: saving that terrible sound which runs between Bremangerland and the main, under the awful cliffs of Hornelen, there is nothing from Torghatten to the Naze to call forth the slightest enthusiasm. There is much finer country in the Hebrides. To return to Lille Molla. This island and its congeners are all inhabited, and not two hours' sail from Svolvær; on Stor Molla accommodation of some sort might probably be found, and I think this little group would be well worth investigation. They have just that amount of geographical independence which often suffices to produce a difference in flora and fauna. Between the two Mollas we steam, noticing the rough sæters on the shores, the rows of stockfish flapping in the wind, and the caldrons of stewing livers, faintly odorous from the steamer's deck. The Okellesund (for so the northern passage between Stor Molla and Vaagöe appears to be called) is too narrow to admit the steamer, but turning north as we leave the Møldoren, we enter the celebrated Raftsund.

The Raftsund, which has won the hearty admiration of every traveller who has seen it, is a narrow channel, fifteen miles long, running north-east between Vaagöe and Hindöe. It is of various width, narrowest towards the north; on each side mountains of the most vigorous and eccentric forms rise in precipices and lose themselves in pinnacles and sharp edges that cut the clouds. As this is the one part of the Lofodens that has been somewhat minutely described, I need not linger in painting it. A few of the peaks, however, I can name. All the loftiest and boldest are on the Vaagöe side. Perhaps the strangest is Iistind, a gigantic mass with a tower-like cairn on the summit;

Mahomet's tomb we nicknamed it, till a native obligingly gave its true title. This is at the middle of the sund, where an island breaks the current, and several small fjords push into the land. Another very noble cluster of aiguilles is Ruttind, on Vaagöe, but much to the south of listind. These peaks are mostly wreathed with foamy cloud, that on a fine day daintily rises and lays bare their dark beauty, and as airily closes round them again. About the summits the rifts and joints are full of snow all the summer, and from every bed, leaping over rocks and sliding over the smooth slabs of granite, a narrow line of water, white as the parent snow, falls in a long cataract to the sea. On the Hindöe side, Kongstind, which lies north-east of listind, is the most striking mass. On both sides near the water the ground is covered with deep grass, of a bright green colour, and flowers bloom in beautiful abundance. In one place the harebells were so thick on the hill-side that they gleamed, an azure patch, half a mile away. Flocks of sheep and goats luxuriate in this lush herbage; here and there ferns are in the ascendency, *Polypodium phlegopteris* and *dryopteris* being everywhere abundant.

Leaving the Raftsund, we suddenly enter that sea-lake which, as I said above, holds the centre of the archipelago. We are now at the heart of the weird land, and the sight before us is one of the loveliest that can be conceived. The bristling character of the southern coast gives place to a calmer, more placid scenery. Here there are no subtle rocks, no frightful reefs; all is simple, serene, and stately.

I cannot do better than give my remembrance of the first time I saw this scene, on a calm sunlit morning in July. Leaving the Raftsund, we bore due north. As we steamed through quiet shimmering water gently down on Ulvöe, at our back the ghostly mountains lay, a semi-cirque of purple shadow; down their sides the clear snow-patches, muffling the vast crevasses, shone, dead-white, or stretched in glaciers almost to the water's edge. In sweet contrast to their grandeur, sunny Ulvöe rose before us, with the little kirk of Hassel nestling in a bright green valley; in its heart one violet peak arose, and hid its dim head in the mystery of the vaporous air above. The sea had all the silence and the restfulness of dreamland: not a ripple broke the sheeny floor, save where a flock of ducklings followed in a fluttering arc the mother-bird, or where the cormorant hurled himself on some quivering fish.

Round the eastern promontory of the lovely isle we drifted; peak by peak the pleasant hills of Langöe gathered on our right, while to the left of us, and ever growing dimmer in the distance, the prodigious aiguilles of Vaagöe, in their clear majestic colour, soared unapproachable above the lower foreground of Ulvöe. Behind us now was Hindöe, less grand perhaps than Vaagöe, but displaying two central mountains of immense height, Fisketind and Mosadlen, the latter reported to attain a greater elevation than any in the group.

Langöe lies very close on the right when we enter the Boröesund and make for Stokmarknäs. Boröe itself lies in the strait between Ulvöe and Langöe. The pretty hamlet on its shores was the centre of the investigations of Dr. George Berna and his friends, as related by Herr Carl Vogt in his interesting *Nordfahrt*. On the northern shore of Ulvöe, at the mouth of a small valley, lies the large village of Stokmarknäs. It is almost a town, containing perhaps 120 houses; it may be the most populous place in the Lofodens, though I am told that the discovery of coal in Andöe has greatly increased the village-port of Dvergberg in that island. Stokmarknäs looks very pretty from the sea, with its clean painted houses of deal wood, and bright tiled roofs. Ulvöe is the richest, most fertile, and most populous of the islands. It stands in the sea like a hat, having a central mountain mass, and a broad rim of very flat and fertile land. To compare great things with mean, it is in shape extremely like that unpleasant island, Lunga, in the Hebrides, facetiously known as the Dutchman's Hat. Ulvöe culminates in a single peak, by name Sæterheid, which rises close behind Stokmarknäs. This mountain, whose sides are principally covered by a thick jungle of birch underwood, slopes gradually away into a rocky ridge running across the island, and falls in steep precipitous cliffs to the flat lands that form the external rim. These flats were originally, I suppose, morasses, but have been in great part reclaimed, though on the eastern side of Sæterheid there are still great bogs, and two little tarns, full of trout. At Stokmarknäs (which is quite a place of importance, and had this summer a bazaar for the sick and wounded French) good accommodation can be had; Herr Halls, the landhandler, being in a condition to make visitors very comfortable at a moderate charge, and it is a good station to leave the steamer at. Herr Halls also

supplies karjols, and a very pleasant excursion can be made on one of those arm-chairs-on-wheels to the south of the island. There is one road in Ulvøe, running from Stokmarknæs round the eastern coast to Melbo, a gaard or farmstead opposite Vaagøe. It is a very good road, more like a carriage-drive through a gentleman's park than a public thoroughfare. It is about ten miles from Stokmarknæs to Melbo. On the way one passes Hassel Church, at the eastern extremity of the island, an odd octagonal building of wood, painted red, with a high conical roof. Norwegian churches have an excessively undignified look; some are like pigeon-houses, some like pocket-telescopes. Hassel reminded me irresistibly of a mustard-pot. Yet it is a structure of high ecclesiastical dignity, for not only all Ulvøe, but parts of Langøe and Hindøe, and the whole north of Vaagøe, depend upon it for pastoral care. A very pretty sight it is on a summer Sunday morning to see the boats gathering from all parts to it, full of the simple, devout people in their holiday dress.

To judge by the number of red-shank and curlew that wheel above the traveller, or flutter waiting before him, the bogs beside the road must teem with wild-fowl. The north side of the island is thickly dotted with farms and fishermen's huts, but after leaving Hassel and the adjoining hamlet of Steilo these diminish in number, till at Melbo the road itself disappears, and the flat land becomes a wild peat bog, with only a few huts near the sea. Melbo is simply a large farm, owned by Fru Coldevin, a lady who opens her house in the summer for the accommodation of sportsmen and those few travellers that wander to this far end of the earth. A cluster of islets off the coast here is a part of her property. She preserves these rocks for the sea-birds, which flock to them in extraordinary numbers. Little kennels of turf and stone are built to shelter the nests, and here the eider ducks strip themselves of their exquisite down for the sake of their offspring, and in due time see it appropriated by Fru Coldevin.

From Melbo the lovely range of snowy points in Vaagøe is seen on a fine day bewitchingly. Mr. Bonney, who unhappily seems to have had execrable weather in the Lofodens, sighed pathetically at these peaks from Melbo. He gives Alpine names to the two highest, supposing apparently that they were nameless in the native tongue: they are not so neglected, however. The foremost mountain, which

from Ulvøe seems the highest, is Higraven, "the tomb or monument of the wild beast;" and the other, really the loftiest peak in Vaagøe, is Blaamanden. My friend Mr. W. S. Green, to whom I am much indebted for his help in the preparation of these notes, accomplished this summer the ascent of Higraven, and kindly permits me to transcribe from his journal the story of his adventure. Mr. Green's familiarity with Swiss Alpine scenery would tend to make him a severe critic of mountain effects, and that he can write thus enthusiastically of the Lofodens is no small proof of their wonderful beauty.

Mr. Green started from Melbo on a fine July morning, at 10 A.M., the clouds, *taage*, masses of opaque white fleece on the sides of all the peaks, promised very ill for the expedition; but soon these rolled away, and left the snowy rocks clear-cut against an azure sun-lit sky. "The face of the sea was as smooth as glass, and over it rose the long line of snow-capped peaks, softening from rugged purple crags to emerald-green slopes as they approached the sea, looking about a mile off, though in fact the nearest of them was seven. I had determined beforehand which peak I should climb: it seemed to be the highest in Ost Vaagøe, and lay at the head of the Stover Fjord. My boatmen were pleasant fellows, and as I lay luxuriously in the stern, steering, I conversed with them in bad Norse; my questions had reference principally to the sea-birds. A pretty little sort of guillemot with red legs they call *testhe*; this bird is very common: another common bird, the hen-eider I think, is called *ae*. We passed many of these with a train of young ones after them. As the boat skimmed along we passed many beautiful jelly-fish: one sort of *bolina* about the size of a goose-egg was particularly common. At last, after winding through many islets, we enter the Stover Fjord: the only thing I can compare it to is the Bay of Uri, which I think it surpasses in beauty, and the Aiguille de Dru is rivalled by these snow-seamed pinacles. But it was 12 o'clock, and I jumped ashore at a sort of elbow where the fjord forks. I put some provisions into my pocket; then, with my sketching materials slung upon my back and my alpen-stock in my hand, I commenced the ascent. I first scrambled over boulders covered with fern, bushes, and wild flowers; these soon became very steep, and slinging myself up hand over hand through the bushes was very warm work. I took off my coat and hung it in the strap on my

back; after a sharp climb over steep rocks I got on to a slope of snow that filled the gorge. In about an hour and a half I reached a col that I had aimed at all through. I could see the boat, a speck below, so I jodeled at the top of my voice, and soon heard a faint answer. The place I had come up was very steep, and the thought of descending it again not very pleasant. I took the precaution, however, of fixing bits of white paper on the rocks and bushes where I had met with difficulty, to serve as guides in my descent. There was a glorious view from where I stood, and the day was perfection. After another hour of steep climbing I reached a cornice of snow, but was able to turn off to the right and cross a level plateau of snow, from the other side of which rose up my peak. I now encountered very steep snow-slopes and rocks, and just before the snow rounded off into the dom, forming a summit, it became so hard that my feet could get no hold. I had to resort to step-cutting; about a dozen steps sufficed to land me on the dom; an easy incline then led to the summit, on which I stood at 4.30 P.M. I wished for an aneroid; but from the time I took to ascend, and from other circumstances, I should think the height to be over 4,000, and possibly 5,000 feet. Now for the view. I have yet to see the Alpine view that surpasses this in its extreme beauty: the mountain chain of the mainland was in sight for, I suppose, a hundred miles; then came the Vest Fjord, studded with islands. The mountains around me were of the wildest and most fantastic form, not drawn out in a long chain, but grouped together, and embosoming lovely little tarns and lakes. The inner arm of the Stover Fjord, over which I seemed to hang, was of a deep dark blue, except where it became shallow, where it was of a bright pea-green. This latter colour may be accounted for by the fact that the rocks below low-water-mark are white, with pure white nullipore and *balani*; there is no *laminaria* or sea-weed of any sort in these narrow fjords, except *Fucus vesiculosus*, and this grows only between tide-marks. Looking away to the north came Ulvøe, with its fringe of islets; then Langøe, with its sea of peaks: these do not appear, however, to be so high or rugged as the peaks of Hindøe, that come next to the sight. Here Mosadlen stands up with his lovely crest of snow; far away, in an opposite direction, lies Vest Vaagøe, where I remarked another peak*

that seemed to be of a respectable height. The view was perfection: one drop of bitterness was in my cup, and that was that a neighbouring peak was evidently higher than the one I had climbed. It was connected with my peak by a very sharp rock arête, just below which was a flattish plateau of crevassed névé; it was too far to think of trying it, and it looked very difficult; an attempt upon it would be more likely to succeed if made from the south-east. Having made a sketch and built a cairn of stones, I looked about for the easiest way to descend, and found that a long slope of snow led into a valley connected with the north arm of the Fjord; this I determined to try. I climbed down the steps I had cut, with my face to the snow; then sitting down and steering with my alpen-stock, I made the finest glissade I ever enjoyed. As I neared the bottom it was necessary to go lightly, as a torrent was roaring along under the snow. I soon had to take to the moraine, which was of a most trying character. I now got down to a charming little lake, in which islands of snow floated, and in which the peaks were mirrored to their summits. Skirting along this, and descending by the edge of a stream that led out of it, I came to another lovely tarn, on which were a couple of water-fowl. From this I clambered down through bushes at the side of a waterfall, and arrived on the strand of the fjord all safe. At 6.30 P.M. I was sitting in the boat, and in two hours arrived in Melbo."

The superior peak that dashed Mr. Green's happiness was Blaamanden, which must now be considered the highest point out of Hindøe. Vaagekallen is certainly lower even than Higraven.

Of the northern islands of the Lofoden group space fails me to speak much; they are but little known. Langøe was skirted by the German expedition whose story is "erzählt von Carl Vogt," but his notes on this part of the tour are unfortunately very scanty. The northern peninsula would seem to be the finest part of Langøe. I hear of a splendid mountain, Klotind, which fills this tongue of land with its spurs. Andøe, the most northerly of the archipelago, is the tamest of all: the interior of it has been surveyed with such minute care, that it is impossible to suppose its mountains can be very rugged. For the sake of anyone desirous of visiting Andøe, I may remark that a little steamer has been started this year in connection with the large boat, which meets the latter at Harstadhavn in Hindøe,

* Himmelfinder, probably.—E. W. G.

skirts the north of that island, calls at Dvergberg and Andenæs in Andøe, and after a visit to the north of Senjen, returns the same way to Harstad. The same steamer calls off the coast of Grytø, a mountainous Lofoden, whose vast central peak of Fussen one admires in the distance from the Vaags Fjord.

In ordinary years the snow disappears from the low ground in these islands before May, and the rapid summer brings their scanty harvest soon to perfection. A few years ago, however, the snow lay on the cultivated lands till June, and a famine ensued. These poor people live a precarious life, exposed to the attacks of a singularly peevish climate. A whim of the cod-fish, a hurricane in the April sky, or a cold spring, is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty. Yet for all this they are an honest and well-to-do population; for, being thrifty and laborious, they guard with much foresight against the severities of nature. In winter the aurora scintillates over their solemn mountains, and illuminates the snow and wan gray sea; they sit at their cottage-doors and spin by the gleam of it; in summer the sun never sets, and they have the advantage of endless light to husband their hardly-won crops. Remote as they are, too, they can all read and write: it is strange to find how much intelligent interest they take in the struggles of great peoples who never heard of Lofoden. It is a fact, too, not over-flattering to our boasted civilization, that the education of children in the hamlets of this remote cluster of islands in the Polar Sea is higher than that of towns within a small distance of our capital-city; ay, higher even proportionally, than that of London itself.

I would fain linger over the delicious memories that the name of these wild islands brings with it; would fain take the reader to the pine-covered slopes of Santorv, the brilliant meadow of little Kjøen, so refreshing in this savage land; to the Tjeldesund, as I saw it on a certain midnight, when the lustrous sun-light lay in irregular golden bars across the blue spectral mountains, and tinged the snow peaks daintily with rose-red. But space is wanting; and being forced to choose, I will wind up with a faint description of the last sight I had of the islands, on a calm sunny night in summer.

All day we had been winding among the tortuous tributaries of the Ofoten Fjord, and as evening drew on slipped down to Tranø, a station on the mainland side of the Vest Fjord, near the head of that gulf.

It had been a cloudless day of excessive heat, and the comparative coolness of night was refreshing; the light, too, ceased to be garish, but flooded all the air with mellow lustres. From Tranø we saw the Lofodens, rising all along the northern sky, a gigantic wall of irregular jagged peaks, pale blue on an horizon of gold fire. The surface of the fjord was slightly broken into little tossing waves, that, murmuring faintly, were the only audible things that broke the sweet silence; the edge of the ripple shone with the colour of burnished bronze, relieved by the cool neutral gray of the sea-hollows. From Tranø we slip across the fjord almost due west to the mouth of the Raftsund. The sun lay like a great harvest-moon, shedding its cold yellow light down on us from over Hindøe, till, as we glided gradually more under the shadow of the islands, he disappeared behind the mountains: at 11.30 P.M. we lost him thus, but a long while after a ravine in Hindøe of more than common depth again revealed him, and a portion of his disk shone for a minute like a luminous point or burning star on the side of a peak. About midnight we came abreast of Aarstenen, and before us rose the double peak of Lille Molla, of a black-blue colour, very solemn and grand; Skraaven was behind, and both were swathed lightly in wreaths and fox-tails of rose-tinged mist. There was no lustre on the waters here; the entrance to the sound was unbroken by any wave or ripple, unilluminated by any light of sunset or sunrise, but a sombre reflex of the unstained blue heaven above. As we glided, in the same strange utter noiselessness of the hour when evening and morning meet, up the Raftsund itself, inclosed by the vast slopes of Hindøe and the keen aiguilles of Vaagøe, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and over-awed by it, and the eyes could scarcely fulfil their function. Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden colour, arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct appeal to the emotions. At each side of the fjord reflected each elbow, each ledge, each cataract, and even the flowers and herbs of the base, with a precision so absolute that it was hard to tell where mountain ended and sea began. The centre of the sund, where it spreads into several small arms, was the climax of loveliness; for here the harmonious vista was broadened and deepened, and here rose listind towering into the unclouded

heavens, and showing by the rays of golden splendour that lit up its topmost snows that it could see the sun, whose magical fingers, working unseen of us, had woven for the world this tissue of variegated beauty. When I remember the Lofodens, I recall this moment, and think, O wonderful white sun, who dost bathe our

bodies in healing waves of light, filling our eyes with the loveliness of the colour of life and our ears with the subtle melodies of dumb things that grow and ripen in thy sight, how little men consider the greatness of thy work for us, and what a beautiful and mystical creation thou art thyself!

THE proposal to connect the Caspian Sea with the Sea of Azoff by means of a canal was discussed at a recent sitting of the Russian Geographical Society. A plan of the canal, according to which it is to pass between the Kuma and the Manytch, was laid before the society by the Grand Duke Constantine, and Prince Krapotkin read a report on the subject. The first accurate survey of the country, he said, was made by Von Baer, who visited the Manytch valley in 1855; and in the spring of 1858 Herr Bergsträsser endeavoured, when the water was high, to pass from the Caspian to the Sea of Azoff in a boat. In 1860 the expedition of Colonel Kostenkoff, who was accompanied by MM. de Maruy and Kryshin, surveyed the valley of the Manytch from the great Manytch-Liman to the mouth of the river Chulebe. Finally, in the years 1863 and 1864, Captain E. Blum, of the military topographic corps, made a trigonometrical survey of the whole of the eastern valley of the Manytch to the Caspian, and bored through the earth to the depth of four fathoms at six different places to the east of the mouth of the Kalan. The result of these investigations was the project of a canal, though the data are still very incomplete, as the western Manytch has not yet been explored for a distance of 850 versts. Three different modifications of the plan give the quantity of earth to be excavated as 65, 131, and 78 millions of cubic fathoms respectively. In estimating the cost of the excavations Herr Blum takes as his standard the expense of the works on the Suez Canal, where the quantity of earth excavated was 28,000,000 cubic metres. On this basis the cost of the first of the above projects would be 422,000,000 roubles (£53,000,000), of the second 841,000,000 (£106,000,000), and of the third 507,000,000 (£64,000,000). These figures, thought the Prince Krapotkin, render it impossible for the Geographical Society to entertain the project. After a long debate, in which M. Romanoffsky endeavoured to prove that the cost of such excavations has now become much less than formerly, and will continue to diminish, the society passed to the order of the day, on the ground that Captain Blum's project does not furnish any positive data for a thorough consideration of the subject.

Full Mail Budget.

A CONSCIENTIOUS QUAKER.—In the Beerenstraat (Bear Street), at Amsterdam, is a very neat building, occupied as an infant school. The premises comprise several school-rooms, an open play-yard, a covered play-room for wet weather, and a residence for the superintendent. One hundred and twenty little boys and girls are here carefully educated at an almost nominal charge. The history of this school possesses a special interest for Englishmen. During one of the wars of the last century, when Holland was allied with the enemies of Great Britain, an English privateer captured a Dutch merchant vessel and cargo of considerable value. Amongst the owners of the privateer was a Quaker, named John Warder, who objected to the use of the ship for privateering purposes, but whose objections were overruled by the other partners, who did not share in his scruples against war. When the spoils were divided, Mr. Warder duly received his share; but feeling conscientiously precluded from appropriating it to his own profit, he retained the money till the end of the war, when he caused different inquiries to be made in Holland for the owners, or the surviving representatives, of the captured vessel and cargo. So far as the inquiry was successful the losses were paid. But there still remained a considerable sum of money in hand, which was allowed to accumulate, at interest, with the intention of its being appropriated in some manner to the welfare of the Dutch people. At length, a merchant of Amsterdam, the late Mr. John S. Mollert, the last survivor of the Society of Friends in Holland, undertook to superintend its expenditure for the purposes of an infant school for the poor of that city, which was commenced in 1830. After an interval of about thirty years, it was considered desirable to extend the school and erect better premises. Accordingly, some friends in England, at the invitation of the late Peter Bedford, "the Spitalfields Philanthropist," raised a further sum of money, and sent out an English architect, under whose direction the present neat and convenient building was erected in 1864. This effort was the closing exertion of Mr. Bedford's life, and his portrait, together with those of Mr. Fry, Mr. Gurney, and other worthies, now hangs upon the school walls.

Leisure House.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE MAID OF SKER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTO GOOD SOCIETY.

IN spite of all that poor landmen say about equinoctial gales and so on, we often have the loveliest weather of all the year in September. If this sets in, it lasts sometimes for three weeks or a month together. Then the sky is bright and fair, with a firm and tranquil blue, not so deep of tint or gentle as the blue of springtide, but more truly staid and placid, and far more trustworthy. The sun, both when he rises over the rounded hills behind the cliffs, and when he sinks into the level of the width of waters, shines with ripe and quiet lustre, to complete a year of labour. As the eastern in the morning, so at sunset the western heaven glows with an even flush of light through the entire depth pervading, and unbroken by any cloud. Then at dusk the dew fog wavers in white stripes over the meadow-land, or in winding combs benighted pillows down, and leaves its impress a sparkling path for the sun's return. To my mind no other part of the year is pleasanter than this end of harvest, with golden stubble, and orchards gleaming, and the hedgerows turning red. Then fish are in season, and fruit is wholesome, and the smell of sweet brewing is rich on the air.

This beautiful weather it was that tempted Colonel Lougher and Lady Bluett to take a trip for the day to Sker. The distance from Candleston Court must be at least two good leagues of sandy road, or rather of sand without any road, for a great part of the journey. Therefore, instead of their heavy coach, they took a light two-wheeled car, and a steady-going pony which was very much wiser of them. Also, which was wiser still, they had a good basket of provisions, intending to make a long sea-side day, and expecting a lively appetite. I saw them pass through Newton, as I chanced to be mending my nets by the well; and I touched my hat to the Colonel of course, and took it off to the lady. The Colonel was driving himself, so as not to be cumbered with any servant; and happening to see such a basket of food, I felt pretty sure there would be some over, for the quality never eat like us. Then it came into my memory that they could not bear Evan Thomas, and it struck me all of a sudden that it might be well worth my while to happen to meet them upon their return, before they passed

any poor houses, as well as to happen to be swinging an empty basket conspicuously. It was a provident thought of mine, and turned out as well as its foresight deserved.

They passed a very pleasant day at Sker (as I was told that evening), pushing about among rocks and stones, and routing out this, that, and the other, of shells and sea-weed and star-fish, and all the rest of the rubbish, such as amuses great gentry, because they have nothing to do for their living. And though money is nothing to them, they always seem to reckon what they find by money-value. Not Colonel Lougher, of course, I mean, and even less Lady Bluett. I only speak of some grand people who come raking along our beach. And of all of these there was nobody with the greediness Anthony Stew had. A crab that had died in changing his shell would hardly come amiss to him. Let that pass—who cares about him? I wish to speak of better people. The Colonel, though he could not keep ill-will against any one on earth, did not choose to be indebted to Sker-grange for even so much as a bite of hay for his pony. Partly, perhaps, that he might not appear to play false to his own tenantry; for the Nottage farmers, who held of the Colonel, were always at feud with Evan Thomas. Therefore he baited the pony himself, after easing off some of the tackle, and moored him to an ancient post in a little sheltered hollow. Their rations also he left in the car, for even if any one did come by, none would ever think of touching this good magistrate's property.

Quite early in the afternoon, their appetites grew very brisk by reason of the crisp sea-breeze and sparkling freshness of the waves. Accordingly, after consultation, they agreed that the time was come to see what Crumpy, their honest old butler, had put into the basket. The Colonel held his sister's hand to help her up rough places, and breasting a little crest of rushes, they broke upon a pretty sight, which made them both say "hush," and wonder.

In a hollow place of sand, spread with dry white bones, skates' pouches, blades of cuttle-fish, sea-snail shells, and all the other things that storm and sea drive into and out of the sands, a very tiny maid was sitting, holding audience all alone. She seemed to have no sense at all of loneliness or of earthly trouble in the importance of the moment and the gravity of play. Before her sat three little dolls, arranged according to their rank, cleverly

posted in chairs of sand. The one in the middle was "Patty Green," the other two strange imitations fashioned by young Watkin's knife. Each was urging her claim to shells, which the mistress was dispensing fairly, and with good advice to each, then laughing at herself and them, and trying to teach them a nursery-song, which broke down from forgetfulness. And all the while her quick bright face, and the crisp grain of her attitudes, and the jerk of her thick short curls, were enough to make any one say, "What a queer little soul!" Therefore it is not to be surprised at that Colonel Lougher could not make her out, or that while he was feeling about for his eyeglass of best crystal, his sister was (as behoves a female) rasher to express opinion. For she had lost a little girl, and sometimes grieved about it still.

"What a queer little, dear little thing, Henry! I never saw such a child. Where can she have dropped from? Did you see any carriage come after us? It is useless to tell me that she can belong to any of the people about here. Look at her forehead, and look at her manners, and how she touches everything! Now did you see that? What a wonderful child! Every movement is grace and delicacy. Oh, you pretty darling!"

Her ladyship could wait no longer for the Colonel's opinion (which he was inclined to think of ere he should come out with it), and she ran down the sand-hill almost faster than became her dignity. But if she had been surprised before, how was she astonished now at Bardie's reception of her?

"Don't tush. Knee tushy paw, see voo pay. All 'e dollies is yae good; just going to dinny, and 'e mustn't 'poil their appetites."

And the little atom arose and moved Lady Bluett's skirt out of her magic circle. And then, having saved her children, she stood scarcely up to the lady's knee, and looked at her as much as to ask, "Are you of the quality?" And being well satisfied on that point, she made what the lady declared to be the most elegant curtsy she ever had seen.

Meanwhile the Colonel was coming up, in a dignified manner, and leisurely, perceiving no cause to rush through rushes, and knowing that his sister was often too quick. This had happened several times in the matter of beggars and people on crutches, and skin-collectors, and suchlike, who cannot always be kept out of the way of ladies; and his worship the Colonel had

been compelled to endeavour to put a stop to it. Therefore (as the best man in the world cannot in reason be expected to be in a moment abreast with the sallies of even the best womankind, but likes to see to the bottom of it) the Colonel came up crustily.

"Eleanor, can you not see that the child does not wish for your interference? Her brothers and sisters are sure to be here from Kenfig most likely, or at any rate some of her relations, and busy perhaps with our basket."

"No," said the child, looking up at him, "I've got no 'lations now; all gone ayae; but all come back de-morrow day."

"Why, Henry, what are you thinking of? This must be the poor little girl that was wrecked. And I wanted you so to come down and see her; but you refused on account of her being under the care of Farmer Thomas."

"No, my dear, not exactly that, but on account of the trouble in the house I did not like to appear to meddle."

"Whatever your reason was," answered the lady, "no doubt you were quite right; but now I must know more of this poor little thing. Come and have some dinner with us, my darling; I am sure you must be hungry. Don't be afraid of the Colonel. He loves little children when they are good."

But poor Bardie hung down her head and was shy, which never happened to her with me or any of the common people; she seemed to know, as if by instinct, that she was now in the company of her equals. Lady Bluett, however, was used to children, and very soon set her quite at ease by inviting her dolls, and coaxing them, and listening to their histories, and all the other little turns that unlock the hearts of innocence. So it came to pass that the castaway dined in good society for the first time since her great misfortune. Here she behaved so prettily, and I might say elegantly, that Colonel Lougher (who was of all men the most thoroughly just and upright) felt himself bound to confess his error in taking her for a Kenfig nobody. Now, as it happened to be his birthday, the lady had ordered Mr. Crumpy, the butler, to get a bottle of the choicest wine, and put it into the hamper without saying anything to the Colonel, so that she might drink his health, and persuade him to do himself the like good turn. Having done this, she gave the child a drop in the bottom of her own wine-glass, which the little one tossed off most fluently, and with a sigh of contentment said —

"I've not had a drop of that yiney-piney ever since — somphin."

"Why, what wine do you call it, my little dear?" the Colonel asked, being much amused with her air of understanding it.

"Doesn't a know?" she replied, with some pity; "nat's hot I calls a dop of good Sam Paine."

"Give her some more," said the Colonel; "upon my word she deserves it. Eleanor, you were right about her; she is a wonderful little thing."

All the afternoon they kept her with them, being more and more delighted with her, as she began to explain her opinions; and Watty, who came to look after her, was sent home with a shilling in his pocket. And some of the above I learned from him, and some from Mr. Crumphy (who was a very great friend of mine), and a part from little Bardie, and the rest even from her good ladyship, except what trifles I add myself, being gifted with power of seeing things that happen in my absence.

This power has been in my family for upwards of a thousand years, coming out and forming great bards sometimes, and at other times great story-tellers. Therefore let no one find any fault or doubt any single thing I tell them concerning some people who happen just now to be five or six shelves in the world above me, for I have seen a great deal of the very highest society when I cleaned my Earl's pumps and epaulettes, and waited upon him at breakfast; and I know well how those great people talk, not from observation only, but by aid of my own fellow-feeling for them, which, perhaps, owes its power of insight not to my own sagacity only, but to my ancestors' lofty positions, as poets to royal families. Now although I may have mentioned this to the man of the Press — whose hat appeared to have undergone Press experience — I have otherwise kept it quite out of sight, because every writer should hold himself entirely round the corner, and discover his hand, but not his face, to as many as kindly encourage him. Of late, however, it has been said — not by people of our own parish, who have seen and heard me at the well and elsewhere, but by persons with no more right than power to form opinions — that I cannot fail of breaking down when I come to describe great people. To these my answer is quite conclusive. From my long connection with royalty, lasting over a thousand years, I need not hesitate to describe the Prince of Wales himself; and

inasmuch as His Royal Highness is not of pure ancient British descent, I verily doubt whether he could manage to better my humble style to my liking.

Enough of that. I felt doubts at beginning, but I find myself stronger as I get on. You may rely upon me now to leave the question to your own intelligence. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and if any one fears that I cannot cook it, I only beg him to wait and see.

Lady Bluett was taken so much with my Bardie, and the Colonel the same — though he tried at first to keep it under — that nothing except their own warm kindness stopped them from making off with her. The lady had vowed that she would do so, for it would be so much for the little soul's good; and of course, so far as legality went, the Chief-Justice of the neighbourhood had more right to her than a common rough farmer. But Watty came down, being sent by Moxy, after he went home with that shilling, and must needs make show of it. He came down shyly, from habit of nature, to the black eyebrows of the tide, where the Colonel and Bardie were holding grand play, with the top of the spring running up to them. She was flying at the wink of every wave, and trying to push him back into it; and he was laughing with all his heart at her spry ways and audacity, and the quickness of her smiles and frowns, and the whole of her nature one whirl of play, till he thought nothing more of his coat-tails.

"What do you want here, boy?" the Colonel asked, being not best pleased that a man of his standing should be caught in the middle of such antics.

Watkin opened his great blue eyes, and opened his mouth as well but could not get steerage-way on his tongue, being a boy of great reverence.

"Little fellow, what are you come for?" with these words he smiled on the boy, and was vexed with himself for frightening him.

"Oh sir, oh sir, if you please sir, mother says as Miss Delushy must come home to bed, sir."

"E go away now, 'e bad Yatkin! I 'ants more pay with my dear Colonel Yucca."

"I am not at all sure," said the Colonel, laughing, "that I shall not put her into my car, and drive away with her, Watkin."

"You may go home, my good boy, and tell your mother that we have taken this poor

little dear to Candleston." This, of course was Lady Bluet.

You should have seen Watkin's face, they told me, when I came to hear of it. Betwixt his terror of giving offence, and his ignorance how to express his meaning, and the sorrow he felt on his mother's account, and perhaps his own pain also, not a word had he to say, but made a grope after the baby's hands. Then the little child ran up to him, and flung both arms around his leg, and showed the stanchness of her breed. Could any one, even of six years old, better enter into it?

"I yoves Yatkin. Yatkin is aye good and kind. And I yoves poor Moky. I'ont go away till my dear papa and my dear mamma comes for me."

Lady Bluet, being quick and soft, could not keep her tears from starting; and the Colonel said, "It must be so. We might have done a great wrong, my dear. Consider all"—and here he whispered out of Watkin's hearing, and the lady nodded sadly, having known what trouble is. But the last words he spoke bravely, "God has sent her for a comfort where He saw that it was needed. We must not give way to a passing fancy against a deep affliction; only we will keep our eyes upon this little orphan darling."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOUND INVESTMENTS.

THE spring-tides led me to Sker the next day, and being full early for the ebb, I went in to see what the Colonel had done. For if he should happen to take up the child, she would pass out of my hands altogether, which might of course be a serious injury, as well as a very great hardship. For of Moky's claim I had little fear, if it came to a question of title inasmuch as I had made her sign a document prepared and copied by myself, clearly declaring my prior right in virtue of rescue and providential ordinance. But as against Colonel Lougher I durst not think of asserting my claims, even if the law were with me; and not only so; but I felt all along that the matter was not one for money to heal, but a question of the deepest feelings.

And now the way in which Moky came out, while Bardie was making much of me (who always saw everything first, of course), and the style of her meddling in between us, led me to know that a man has no chance to be up to the tricks of a female. For the dialogue going on

between us was of the very simplest nature, as you may judge by the following:—

"Hy'se a been so long, old Davy, afore 'a come to see poor Bardie?"

"Because, my pretty dear, I have been forced to work, all day long almost."

"Hasn't 'a had no time to pay?"

"No, my dear, not a moment to play. Work, work, work! Money, money, money! Till old Davy is quite worn out."

I may have put horns to the truth in this. But at any rate not very long ones. And the child began to ponder it.

"I tell 'a, old Davy, 'hot to do. Susan say to me one day, kite yell, I amember, ickle Bardie made of money! Does 'a sink so?"

"I think you are made of gold, you beauty; and of diamonds, and the Revelations."

"Aye yell! Then I tell 'a 'hot to do. Take poor Bardie to markiss, old Davy; and e' get a great big money for her."

She must have seen some famous market; for acting everything as she did (by means of working face, arms, and legs), she put herself up like a fowl in a basket, and spread herself, making the most of her breast, and limping her neck, as the dead chicken do. Before I could begin to laugh, Moky was upon us.

"Dyo! Why for you come again? Never you used to come like this. Put down Delushy, directly moment. No fish she is for you to catch. When you might have had her, here you left her through the face of everything. And now, because great Evan's staff is cloven, by the will of God, who takes not advantage of him? I thought you would have known better, Dyo. And this little one, that he dotes upon —"

"It is enough," I answered, with a dignity which is natural to me, when females wound my feelings; "Madame Thomas, it is enough. I will quit your premises." With these words, I turned away, and never looked over my shoulder even, though the little one screamed after me; until I felt Watty hard under my stern, and like a keedge-anchor dragging. Therefore, I let them apologize; till my desire was to forgive them. And after they brought forth proper things, I denied all evil will, and did my best to accomplish it.

Mrs. Thomas returning slowly to her ancient style with me, as I relaxed my dignity, said that now the little maid was getting more at home with them. Mr. Thomas, after what had happened in the neighbourhood—this was the death of

her five sons — felt naturally low of spirit; and it was good for him to have a lively child around him. He did not seem quite what he was. And nothing brought him to himself so much as to watch this shadow of life; although she was still afraid of him.

Every word of this was clear to me. It meant ten times what it expressed. Because our common people have a "height of kindness," some would say, and some a "depth of superstition," such as leads them delicately to slope off their meaning. But in my blunt and sailor fashion, I said that black Evan must, I feared, be growing rather shaky. I had better have kept this opinion quiet; for Moxey bestowed on me such a gaze of pity mingled with contempt, that knowing what sort of a man he had been, I felt all abroad about everything. All I could say to myself was this, that the only woman of superior mind I ever had the luck to come across, and carefully keep clear of, had taken good care not to have a husband, supposing there had been the occasion. And I think I made mention of her before; because she had been thrice disappointed; and all she said was true almost.

However, Sker-house might say just what it pleased, while I had my written document, and "Delushy" herself (as they stupidly called her by corruption of Andalusia) was not inclined to abandon me. And now she made them as jealous as could be, for she clung to me fast with one hand, while she spread the beautiful tiny fingers of the other to Moxey, as much as to say, "Interrupt me not; I have such a lot of things to tell old Davy."

And so she had without any mistake: and the vast importance of each matter lost nothing for want of emphasis. Patty Green had passed through a multitude of most surprising adventures, some of them even transcending her larceny of my sugar. Watty had covered himself with glory, and above all little "Dutch," the sheep-dog, was now become a most benevolent and protecting power.

"Hots 'a think, old Davy? Patty Geen been yecked, she has."

"'Yecked!' I don't know what that is, my dear."

"Ness, I said, 'yecked,' old Davy; yecked down nare, same as Bardie was."

It was clear that she now had taken up with the story which everybody told; and she seemed rather proud of having been wrecked.

"And Patty," she went on, quite out of breath; "Patty 'poiled all her boofely

cothes: such a mess 'e never see a'most! And poor Patty go to 'e back pithole, till 'e boofely Dush yun all into 'e yater."

"Oh, and Dutch pulled her out again, did she?"

"Ness, and her head come kite out of her neck. But Yatty put 'e guepot on, and make it much better than ever a'most."

"Now, Delushy, what a child you are!" cried Mrs. Thomas, proudly; "you never told Mr. Llewellyn that you ran into the sea yourself, to save your doll; and drowned you must have been, but for Watkin."

"Bardie 'poil her cothes," she said, looking rather shy about it: "Bardie's cothes not boofely now, not same as they used to be."

But if she regretted her change of apparel, she had ceased by this time, Moxey said, to fret much for her father and mother. For Watkin, or some one had inspired her with a most comforting idea — to wit, that her parents had placed her there for the purpose of growing faster; and that when she had done her best to meet their wishes in this respect, they would suddenly come to express their pride and pleasure at her magnitude. Little brother also would appear in state, and so would Susan, and find it needful to ascend the dairy-stool to measure her. As at present her curly head was scarcely up to the mark of that stool, the duty of making a timely start in this grand business of growing became at once self-evident. To be "a geat big gal" was her chief ambition; inasmuch as "hen I see a geat big gal, mama and papa be so peased, and say, 'hot a good gal 'e is, Bardie, to do as I tell 'a!'"

Often when her heart was heavy in the loneliness of that house, and the loss of all she loved, and with dirty things around her, the smile would come back to her thoughtful eyes, and she would open her mouth again for the coarse but wholesome food, which was to make a "big gal" of her. Believing herself now well embarked toward this desired magnitude, she had long been making ready for the joy it would secure. "E come and see, Old Davy. I sow 'a sompfn," she whispered to me, when she thought the others were not looking, so I gave a wink to Moxey Thomas, whose misbehaviour I had overlooked, and humouring the child, I let her lead me to her sacred spot.

This was in an unused passage, with the end door nailed to jambs, and black oak-panelling along it, and a floor of lias stone. None in the house durst enter it except

this little creature; at least unless there were three or four to hearten one another, and a strong sun shining. The Abbot's Walk was its proper name; because a certain Abbot of Neath, who had made too much stir among the monks, received (as we say) his quietus there during a winter excursion; and in spite of all the masses said, could not keep his soul at rest. Therefore his soul came up and down; and that is worse than a dozen spirits; for the soul can groan, but the spirit is silent.

Into this dark lonely passage I was led by a little body, too newly inhabited by spirit to be at all afraid of it. And she came to a cupboard door, and tugged, and made a face as usual, when the button was hard to move. But as for allowing me to help her, — not a bit of it, if you please. With many grunts and jerks of breath, at last she fetched it outward, having made me promise first not to touch, however grand and tempting might be the scene disclosed to me.

What do you think was there collected, and arranged in such a system that no bee could equal it? Why, every bit of everything that every one who loved her (which amounts to everybody) ever had bestowed upon her, for her own sweet use and pleasure, since ashore she came to us. Not a lollipop was sucked, not a bit of "taffy" tasted, not a plaything had been used, but just enough to prove it; all were set in portions four, two of which were double-sized of what the other two were. Nearly half these things had come, I am almost sure, from Newton; and among the choicest treasures which were stored in scollop shells, I desiered one of my own buttons which I had honestly given her, because two eyelets had run together; item, a bowl of an unsmoked pipe (which had snapped in my hand one evening); item, as sure as I am alive, every bit of the sugar which the Dolly had taken from out my locker.

Times there are when a hardy man, at sense of things (however childish), which have left their fibre in him, finds himself, or loses self, in a sudden softness. So it almost was with me (though the bait on my hooks all the time was drying), and for no better reason than the hopeless hopes of a very young child. I knew what all her storehouse meant before she began to tell me. And her excitement while she told me scarcely left me breath to speak.

"'Nat for papa, with 'e kean pipe to 'moke, and 'nat for mamma with 'e boofely bucken for her coke, and 'nat for my dear

ickle bother, because it just fit in between his teeth, and 'nis with 'e 'looking-glass for Susan, because she do her hair all day yong."

She held up the little bit of tin, and mimicked Susan's self adornment, making such a comic face, and looking so conceited, that I felt as if I should know her Susan, anywhere in a hundred of women, if only she should turn up so. And I began to smile a little; and she took it up tenfold.

"'E make me yaff so, I do decare, 'e silly old Davy; I doesn't know 'hat to do a'most. But 'e mustn't tell anybody."

This I promised, and so went a-fishing, wondering what in the world would become of the queerest fish I had ever caught, as well as the highest-flavoured one. It now seemed a toss-up whether or not something or other might turn up, in the course of one's life, about her. At any rate she was doing well, with her very bright spirits to help her, and even Black Evan, so broken down as not to be hard upon any one. And as things fell out to take me from her, without any warning, upon the whole it was for the best to find the last sight comfortable.

And a man of my power must not always be poking after babies, even the best that were ever born. Tush, what says King David, who was a great-grandfather of mine; less distant than Llewellyn Harper, but as much respected; in spite of his trying to contribute Jewish blood to the lot of us in some of his rasher moments? But ancestor though we acknowledge him (when our neighbourhood has a revival), I will not be carried away by his fame to copy, so much as to harken him.

The autumn now grew fast upon us, and the beach was shifting; and neither room nor time remained for preaching under the sandhills, even if any one could be found with courage to sit under them. And as the nights turned cold and damp, everybody grumbled much; which was just and right enough, in balance of their former grumbling at the summer drought and heat. And it was mainly this desire not to be behind my neighbours in the comfort and the company of grumbling and exchanging grumbles, which involved me in a course of action highly lowering to my rank and position in society, but without which I could never have been enabled to tell this story. And yet before entering on that subject, everybody will want to know how I discharged my important and even arduous duties as trustee through Sir Philip's munificence for both those little children. In the first place, I felt that my

position was strictly confidential, and that it would be a breach of trust to disclose to any person (especially in a loquacious village) a matter so purely of private discretion. Three parties there were to be considered, and only three, whatever point of view one chose to take of it. The first of these was Sir Philip, the second the two children, and the third of course myself. To the first my duty was gratitude (which I felt and emitted abundantly), to the second both zeal and integrity; and for myself there was one course only (to which I am naturally addicted), namely, a lofty self-denial. This duty to myself I discharged at once by forming a stern resolution not to charge either of those children so much as a single farthing for taking care of her property until she was twenty-one years of age. Then as regards the second point, I displayed my zeal immediately, by falling upon Bunny soon after daylight, and giving her a small-tooth-combing to begin with, till the skin of her hair was as bright as a prawn; after which, without any heed whatever of roars, or even kicks, I took a piece of holy-stone and after a rinsing of soda upon her, I cleaned down her planking to such a degree that our admiral might have inspected her. She was clean enough for a captain's daughter before, and dandy-trimmed more than need have been for a little craft built to be only a coaster. But now when her yelling had done her good, and her Sunday frock was shipped, and her black hair spanked with a rose-coloured ribbon, and the smiles flowed into her face again with the sense of all this smartness, Sir Philip himself would have thought her consistent with the owner of five pounds sterling.

And as touching the money itself, and the honesty rightly expected from me, although the sum now in my hands was larger than it ever yet had pleased the Lord to send me, for out and out my own, nevertheless there was no such thing as leading me astray about it. And this was the more to my credit, because that power of evil, who has more eyes than all the angels put together, or, at any rate, keeps them wider open, he came aft, seeing how the wind was, and planted his hoof within half a plank of the tiller of my conscience. But I heaved him overboard at once, and laid my course with this cargo of gold, exactly as if it were shipper's freight, under bond and covenant. Although, in downright common-sense, having Bunny for my grandchild, I also possessed beyond any doubt whatever belonged to Bunny; just as the owner of a boat owns the oars and rudder also. And the same held true, as most

people would think, concerning Bardie's property; for if I had not saved her life, how could she have owned any?

So far, however, from dealing thus, I not only kept all their money for them, but invested it in the manner which seemed to be most for their interest. To this intent I procured a book for three halfpence (paid out of mine own pocket), wherein I declared a partnership, and established a fishing association, under the name, style, and description of "Bardie, Bunny, Llewellyn, & Co." To this firm I contributed, not only my industry, and skill, but also nets, tackle, rods and poles, hooks and corks, and two kettles for bait, and a gridiron fit to land and cook with; also several well-proven pipes, and a perfectly sound tobacco-box. Every one of these items, and many others, I entered in the ledger of partnership; and Mother Jones, being strange to much writing, recorded her mark at the bottom of it (one stroke with one hand and one with the other), believing it to be my testament, with an Amen coming after it.

But knowing what the tricks of fortune are, and creditors so unreasonable, I thought it much better to keep my boat outside of the association. If the firm liked, they might hire it, and have credit until distribution-day, which I fixed for the first day of every three months. My partners had nothing to provide, except just an anchor, a mast and a lug-sail, a new net or two, because mine were wearing, and one or two other trifles, perhaps, scarcely worth describing. For after all, who could be hard upon them, when all they contributed to the firm was fifteen pounds and ten shillings?

It was now in the power of both my partners to advance towards fortune; to permit very little delay before they insisted on trebling their capital; and so reinvest it in the firm; and hence at the age of twenty-one be fit to marry magistrates. And I made every preparation to carry their shares of the profits over. Nevertheless, things do not always follow the line of the very best and soundest calculations. The fish that were running up from the Mumbles, fast enough to wear their fins out, all of a sudden left off altogether, as if they had heard of the association. Not even a twopenny glass of grog did I ever take out of our capital, nor a night of the week did I lie a-bed, when the lines required attendance. However, when fish are entirely absent, the best fisherman in the world cannot create them; therefore our partnership saw the wisdom of declaring no dividends for the first quarter.

From The Spectator.
OF SOLAR ERUPTIONS.

A SINGULAR interest is given to the observations to be made on the December Eclipse by the results which have rewarded the recent study of the sun's coloured prominences by Fr. Secchi in Italy and Professor Young in America. A very strange theory of the corona—the theory, namely, that it is in part due to solar eruptions—seems to receive countenance from these observations, and more particularly from one very remarkable phenomenon (presently to be described) which was witnessed a short time ago by Professor Young. The labours of Secchi show the solar spot-zones to be the chief scene of the eruptions; and, as our readers are probably aware, it is opposite the solar spot-zones that the corona has been observed to have its greatest extension. But unless it could be shown that the solar eruptive forces are mighty enough to affect the distant regions to which the coronal rays extend, it would be impossible to admit that this coincidence can be explained in the suggested way. Professor Young has observed a solar outburst which seems to supply precisely the required evidence,—an outburst so wonderful in its effects that apart from any reference to the solar corona, it must be regarded as absolutely the most striking phenomenon yet witnessed by observers of the sun. We propose briefly to describe here what Professor Young actually witnessed and watched, believing that the interest of the results which may be obtained by the eclipse-observers cannot but be enhanced by the record of a solar phenomenon so imposing.

Professor Young was studying on September 7 last a large coloured prominence, or rather a bed of solar clouds. It was an object of the kind compared by Mr. Lockyer to a banyan grove,—a long layer of cloud-like masses, seemingly supported by a few stems of the red prominence-matter. It was formed, in the main, of glowing hydrogen. The height of the stems was estimated by Young at about 15,000 miles. The cloud-bed was about 100,000 miles long (*some 13 times the earth's diameter*), and 40,000 miles deep, “a long, low, quiet-looking cloud, not very dense or brilliant, nor in any way remarkable except for its size.” At half-past twelve this rather remarkably large cloud was seemingly as quiescent as at first, though one of the stems had become much brighter and was singularly bent. But when Professor Young returned, in less

than half an hour, what was his surprise to find that “the whole thing had been literally blown to shreds.” “In place of the quiet cloud I had left,” he says, “the air, if I may use the expression, was filled with flying *debris*—a mass of *detached fragments*.” These fragments were, in fact, so insignificant as to measure only from 4,500 to 13,500 miles in length, with a breadth (scarcely worth mentioning) of from 900 to 1,350 miles—mere shreds, in fine,—the least having a surface scarcely exceeding that of Africa. They were rapidly ascending. Already nearly 100,000 miles above the sun's surface when Professor Young first saw them, they moved higher and higher under his very eyes, “with a motion almost perceptible to the eye,” until in ten minutes some of them were upwards of 200,000 miles above the surface of the sun. This motion, “almost perceptible to the eye,” must in reality have amounted to the utterly inconceivable velocity of 167 miles per second,—this, too, only as an average velocity. At this enormous rate these fragments, these strips of glowing hydrogen (a score of which perhaps would have sufficed to cover the whole surface of our earth), were flung upwards by some tremendous outburst, having its origin far down below the visible surface of the sun. They seemed to dissolve away when they had reached the vast height of 200,000 miles. At a quarter past one—less than half an hour from the commencement of the outburst—“only a few filmy wisps, with some brighter streamers low down, remained to mark the place.”

Here, then, was one of those solar eruptions of which much has been imagined during the last few months, but hitherto very little certainly determined. Astronomers had begun to believe that those long radiant beams which give to the solar corona so striking an aspect, are due to an outrush of matter from the depths which lie concealed beneath the resplendent light-surface of the sun. No other explanation seemed available indeed, when all the facts observed during recent eclipses were taken into account. And yet the explanation was so startling, that even those who advocated it were fain to apologize, so to speak, for urging views which seemed at a first view altogether fanciful. For the solar orb to vomit forth matter to distances corresponding to the vast extension of the coronal rays, required a degree of eruptive energy falling little short of that which would be needed to project

missiles clean away from the sun, to visit other suns perchance, but never to return to the neighbourhood of the solar system. But here we have evidence of precisely such eruptions. Compared with the heavier erupted matter, the filmy wisps of hydrogen were but as the smoke from a cannon's mouth compared with the cannon-ball. We may be sure that the heavier matter really belched forth was propelled with far greater velocity and was carried very much farther from the sun than the light hydrogen wisps. Yet even to reach a height of 200,000 miles matter must pass the sun's visible surface at the rate of about 210 miles per second. If the steam and smoke, so to express ourselves, of the great solar geyser rushed to so vast a height, how much greater must have been the height reached by the heavier matter propelled along with them!

Another question seems to be answered by the phenomena of this strange outburst. It was pertinently asked by Sir John Herschel, why—if the red prominences are eruptions—the eruptive force does not scatter upwards and outwards those bright objects resembling flakes or scales which can be seen over the whole surface of the sun, and have been called the solar willow-leaves. But the wisps watched by Professor Young corresponded in appearance very closely to what we should expect to see if a number of the solar flakes were flung upwards by some mighty eruption. And we observe, too, that as the flakes were only visible for a few minutes, we need not wonder that the phenomenon has not oftener been witnessed. It is interesting to notice that on the evening of the day on which Professor Young saw this strange sight, there was a fine aurora borealis, “the earth's response, perhaps,” he says, “to the magnificent solar outburst.”

But we have something more than this inference—sound as it unquestionably is—to guide us. The rate at which the matter watched by Young passed from a height of 100,000 miles to a height of 200,000 miles, was far greater than that with which a solid missile propelled to the last-named height would traverse this space. From a careful calculation made by the present writer, it results that such a missile would occupy no less than 25 minutes 56 seconds in passing from a height of 100,000 miles to the extreme limit of its upward motion. Only one explanation of the rapidity with which the hydrogen wisps traversed this space is available. The hydrogen must have been

travelling with a rapidity far exceeding that of our imagined missile, and was brought to rest at the height of 200,000 miles, *not* by the sun's attraction solely as in the case of the missile, but partly (almost wholly indeed) by the resistance of the solar atmosphere. We cannot wonder that this atmosphere, rare though it probably is in those high regions, should exert so great a retarding influence, when we remember that the flight of a cannon-ball through our own air is reduced by atmospheric resistance to a mere fraction of the range which would be attained in a vacuum. If a globe of solid metal, propelled from the cannon's mouth at a rate of perhaps half a mile per second, is thus retarded, it will be conceived how enormously a mass of glowing hydrogen propelled with a velocity many hundred times greater must be checked by atmospheric resistance. Secchi tells us that in the eruption-prominences several other elements than hydrogen are present, most of them being metallic. It is almost certain that the flight of these metallic vapours (much denser, no doubt, than the glowing hydrogen) is much less retarded by atmospheric resistance, and it is highly probable that no inconsiderable proportion of the matter thus erupted passes even further from the sun than the outermost limits of the corona, if it does not in some cases pass finally away from his domain.

Truly the study of the solar prominences and corona will have led to a strange result, if it teaches us to regard our sun and his fellow-suns as centres whence metallic matter—such as we see in the meteor—is scattered throughout space.

From The Spectator.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS COOLIE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

SIR,—In the former letter which you have done me the honour to insert in your paper I gave you a short account of the origin of the introduction of Coolie labour into Queensland, with a narrative of my cruise as far as the island of Vati. Since I last wrote, the Australian mail has brought us news of several cases of murder and cannibalism in the New Hebrides, and I resume the subject with the deepest feeling of regret for the untimely death of Bishop Patteson, a man who, as far as I can hear, was universally loved and respected on the Islands. I hope however, to be able to show you that the Queens-

land vessels are not always to be held answerable for having provoked such an outrage, as the fickle and treacherous character of the uncivilized Kanaka is at all times only too prone to deeds of violence.

A full description of these islands would be tedious, and would besides scarcely answer the purpose of this letter, so I shall pass over the incidents of our cruise, — how we picked up more men at each different place, how their eyes brightened at the sight of the loved tobacco and their mouths watered at the beef and biscuits, how they could with difficulty be persuaded not to cut all the buttons off their shirts and trousers and hang them as ornaments round their necks, — how they quarrelled and fought among themselves, and were only quieted when one touch of nature in the form of sea-sickness made them all kin. All these are mere details, and may be passed over, leaving us at the end of six weeks at the Island of Ureparara, the most northern of the group, with a full complement of men, and prepared for a long beat to windward, homeward bound.

Of course, at many of the islands we passed it was impossible to land, even to buy yams, on account of the hostility of the natives, and more than one gentle hint in the shape of a musket-ball or a shower of poisoned arrows has turned our boat's head out of some dark green cove overhung with creepers, and sent us helter-skelter back through the passage in the reef. Often on these occasions have I admired the courage and coolness of the boat's crew, at a time when my own heart was in my mouth, and when standing up to steer a whale-boat through those sunken rocks was by no means pleasant. The "darkie" will go anywhere, if he has a white man with him, and he gradually gets so fond of any master who treats him well that I believe he would not hesitate to die for him. On the whole, the South-Sea islander is of a far higher type than the Australian aborigine, — his faithfulness, shrewdness, and docility have always made him a favourite with anyone who has taken the trouble to understand him and study his character, and indeed, on my leaving the colony the stroke of my boat, by name Pipe, cried so bitterly and wanted so much to come to England with me, that I had as much as I could do, by ghastly stories of English frost and snow, to persuade him to leave the ship. At the same time, no one can deny that the South-Sea islander is a thorough-going cannibal, and this fact was particularly forced on

my notice during the latter part of my cruise. We had made the island of Api, and had taken the two boats in to get specimens of the coral that grows so beautifully on the reef there, when we suddenly came on a wreck. The vessel, a New Zealand schooner in search of labour for Fiji, lay upon the reef with her back broken. The crew, five or six whites, with some twenty islanders, had only succeeded in saving one of the sails, together with their trade-box and their arms. They had formed a sort of camp on the beach, which was guarded by sentries with muskets. Round this swarmed innumerable fierce-looking Api men, each with his bow and bundle of poisoned arrows, evidently only restrained by the sight of the muskets from making a rush at the trade-box, which they knew was so full of what was to them untold wealth. They cleared out, however, on seeing us, and allowed us to approach the tent where the poor whites had been shut up three or four days, and I found myself the object of attraction to three little black boys, who, appreciating, I suppose, something in my face, never left my side till I had promised to take them with me. Poor fellows, two of them never lived to get on board; decoyed away by the Api men the same night, the third with difficulty escaped, to tell us how his two brothers had been knocked on the head and immediately roasted. I fancy the whole of the cast-aways would have shared the same fate, if we had not had the good fortune to pass so near them and take them off the island. On Tanna, too, I was shown a man who was a celebrated cook, and he described to me in a sort of bland and professional manner the process, which, however, I will not enter into here.

May I now offer an idea suggested to me by my own experience in dealing with natives to those who are risking their lives as missionaries in the South Seas? Could not all mission stations be organized on the principle of that most excellent plan which has for some time been found to work so well in Edinburgh, and which we are but just introducing into London, — I mean a "medical" mission? For my own part, I have found that a slight knowledge of medicine and a well-filled medicine-chest have given me more influence over the minds of all natives than any amount of trade or the display of any quantity of arms, and I believe that a missionary giving out that he came among them as a doctor, would soon establish such an influence over his patients that they would patiently listen to his words, and give him

an opportunity of ministering also to their souls, and that a Kanaka who should venture to propose to kill the doctor would run a very bad chance at the hands of his own countrymen. They are constantly demanding medicines, and I was much struck by a naked savage nearly up to his neck in water refusing all other trade, and insisting on "salts," though I am almost sure he had never seen a white man before. In fact, at this moment a chief in Tanna ranks me amongst his greatest friends since I had the honour to administer a blue-pill and a dose of castor-oil to him. Their faith in medicine is quite touching, worthy of any homœopathist. I believe that as far as any previous ideas of religion, or rather superstition, go, the missionary has a nearly clear field before him. I have never observed anything bordering on the subject in my experience of these tribes, except, indeed, on the island of Vanua Lava, where I found three hideous masks in a sort of deserted temple, but even the sight of these seemed to have lost its hold on the minds of the native men, though spoken of by the women with awe; and I believe the nearest approach to a belief in a future is the idea that they have a chance of being white men in the next world, or, as the Australian aborigine pithily puts it, "Tumble down black fellow, jump up white fellow!"

In about three months, then, from the time of starting, we sighted Moreton Island, and the wondering crowd on board made their first acquaintance with the steam-tug, which latter caused considerable excitement and even terror amongst them, all agreeing that it was alive. Who shall describe the astonishment of these children of nature at our houses, streets, horses, and women? For hours they would sit motionless gazing at the stream of life hurrying past them on the wharves, and were much too afraid of losing themselves to venture from the ship till taken away by their masters. All these men turned out well, and made docile and useful labourers on their various plantations. The planters say that the Coolies will, on the whole, if you work a sufficient number of them together, do as much and more work than the same number of white men; that they are always cheerful, and soon become attached to the place they are in. Often since that trip, while riding through the country, I have heard myself hailed by name, and a Kanaka has rushed forward to shake hands, and asked me to go and get his brother, and "bring him along too."

There is no doubt, then, I think, that until the English Government organizes emigration on a proper scale, and really peoples this vast continent by sending out thousands where they now send hundreds, the South-Sea Coolies will form a considerable portion of the population of Queensland, and will participate in the advantages of a colony which only wants "opening up" to be one of the greatest countries in the world.

I hope, Sir, that I have shown you that a trip to the Islands for labour need not necessarily be a piratical or slaving expedition; and I may add that anyone who can take a Kanaka from his island against his will, or who, having done so, can escape the inevitable exposure and punishment that would follow the examination of the Immigration Agents, must be a far cleverer man than I am.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JAMES L. A. HOPE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HINDOO CASTE.

It is commonly said that the chief obstacle to the propagation of Christianity in India is caste. Whence there prevails a general belief that caste is a religious distinction. But what if it be no more than a social distinction? And what if missionaries fail chiefly because they begin at the wrong end? It is important to obtain as much trustworthy testimony as possible upon this subject; and those who maintain that the caste of the Hindoos is a social distinction pure and simple will find a powerful and experienced ally in Mr. Robert Shaw, British Commissioner in Ladāk. He does not "venture to speak about the rest of India, but certainly in the hill-country of the Punjab caste is as purely a social arrangement as morning calls or dinner parties are in England;" and he attributes the failure of our missionaries, in some considerable measure, to the fact that converts are required not only to renounce their idols, but "to do violence to every feeling in their nature, by eating and consorting with the filthiest of the human race." The consequence, he says, of the missionaries' usual proceeding is that, "if you were to ask an ordinary native what becoming a Christian meant, he would probably reply, 'eating with sweepers.'" Mr. Shaw suggests that a man's Christianity should gradually win him to that perfection which consists in considering nothing common or unclean

in mankind, whereas the missionaries expect the Hindoo convert to commence with that amount of perfection. Those Christians who so love one another are not altogether free from the prejudice of a caste which has, perhaps, a more flimsy moral foundation than that of the Hindoo. But to show what, if any, is the connection between the caste and the religion of the Hindoos, it may be interesting to read a conversation founded upon what really took place between Sarda (a Brahman), Choomároo (a high-caste Hindoo), and Shaw Sahib.

S. S. The Goleiria Rajpoot has been made a Mussulman: can he recover his caste?

S. and C. No; unless the Cashmere Maharaja, whose servant he is, should restore him to caste privileges by going through the ceremony of eating with him, as he sometimes does in similar cases.

S. S. Can no one but a rajah do this? I thought some religious ceremony performed by the Brahmans was necessary.

S. and C. What has it to do with religion? It is merely a question whether his own kindred will eat with him or not, and the difficulty is to get all to agree. When a Rajah has set the example no one can then hold back.

S. S. We English fancy that your caste is a religious obligation.

C. There is no connection between the two. If I were to take up stones and throw them at one of our idols, my people would cry out, "Ah! Maharaj, dost thou not punish this man who is mocking thee?" But the thought would never strike them to put me out of caste.

S. If caste depended on our religion, we should have but one caste, for Brahmans and sweepers all worship the same deities.

C. For some years past I have given up believing in all our fables about Sree Rám and Siv, but I am none the less secure in my

caste. If I were to say the Mussulman "namáz" daily I should in no way forfeit my caste, so long as I did not take into my mouth anything considered impure.

S. S. But do not the duties connected with caste necessitate some kind of acknowledgment of the national idols?

S. and C. No: whatever worship we bestow on them is purely voluntary. If we should omit it altogether, superstitious old women would shake their heads and prophesy that evil would befall us; but the omission would not affect our caste standing in any way.

To some a confirmation of what they have always heard and maintained; to others merely a proof of what has long been suspected as to the quantity of humanity in human nature. There is not in Christendom a city, town, or village in which the most perfect Christian may not by social imprudence lose caste, or belong to a caste so inferior that admission to a neighbour's dinner-table is not to be heard of; and in which a man, if only he be careful of social conventionalities, may not habitually break all the Ten Commandments and throw stones at the Christian religion without any fear of losing caste. Some "superstitious old women would shake their heads" and exclude him, to his great delight, from their tea-tables; but at the dinner-party and at the club he might eat and drink with lords spiritual as well as temporal. The interesting conversation here given, is to be found, in a different form, in a book called "Visits to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Káshgar" (John Murray), the appearance of which was looked forward to with much expectancy, though for no reasons connected with caste, by the late Sir R. I. Murchison.

INFLUENCE OF GREEN LIGHT ON THE SENSITIVE PLANT.—In order to test the effect of green light on the sensitiveness of the *Mimosa*, M. P. Bert placed several plants under bell-glasses of different coloured glass, set in a warm greenhouse. At the end of a few hours a difference was already apparent: those subjected to green, yellow, or red light had the petioles erect and the leaflets expanded; the blue and the violet, on the other hand, had the petioles almost horizontal, and the leaflets hanging down. In a week those placed beneath blackened glass were already less sensitive, in twelve days they were dead or dying. From that time the green ones were entirely insensitive, and in four days more were dead. At this time the plants under the other glasses were perfectly healthy and

sensitive; but there was a great inequality of development among them. The white had made great progress, the red less, the yellow a little less still; the violet and the blue did not appear to have grown at all. After sixteen days the vigorous plants from the uncoloured bell-glass were moved to the green; in eight days they had become less sensitive, in two more the sensitiveness had almost entirely disappeared, and in another week they were all dead. Green rays of light appear to have no greater influence on vegetation than complete absence of light, and M. Bert believes that the sensitive plant exhibits only the same phenomena as all plants coloured green, but to an excessive degree. (*Bull. Soc. bot. de France*, xvii. p. 107.)